The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.
No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

The Bookman for March will contain a special illustrated article on "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," by Mr. B. W. Matz, the editor of the *Dickensian*.

Last month The Bookman spoke in favour of the exhibitions of books held in December by the *Daily Chronicle* and the *Tribune*, and since then a contemporary has advocated a publishers' show-room, open all the year round, where all recent publications should be on view. Such a scheme has much to recommend it, and most bookbuyers would welcome such an innovation. It is, indeed, to be hoped that the proposition may bear fruit. When, however, the writer who puts forward the idea suggests that a large room should be set apart in the British Museum, where every new book as it arrives should be exhibited, he is not so happy. As that will never happen, we need not devote any space to pointing out the objections, beyond stating that the national treasure-house in Bloomsbury is for students primarily and lastly. But we should welcome the publishers' show-room in a central position.

The late Sir Spencer Walpole followed his "History of England from the Conclusion of the Great War in 1815 to 1858" with the first two volumes of a "History of Twenty-Five Years" that was to carry on the narrative to 1881. Three years have elapsed since the publication of the latter, and it is now announced that Sir Spencer had finished two other volumes, completing the work. These, we understand, will shortly be issued by Messrs. Longmans.

Mr. Thomas Hardy has now completed the longest play in existence, and the third and final volume of "The Dynasts" will be published next month. The theme is the downfall of Napoleon and the re-establishment of the French monarchy.

It may fairly be assumed that not many readers of The Bookman and the other monthly reviews pay much attention to the serials that appear in the halfpenny newspapers; but since the writing of those stories is an increasing and lucrative branch of journalism, it may not be uninteresting to learn the conditions under which such minor authors labour. Unknown writers are required to submit an elaborate scenario, together with the first few chapters; and if the "fiction editor" is satisfied with the plot and finds that the manuscript is not ill-spelt, the story in due course appears. Rarely is the complete manuscript placed in the editor's hand, and, indeed, this is not desired, for the length of the serial is dependent, not on the space necessary for the development of the story, but on the favour

it meets with at the hands of the public, as evinced by the circulation. One of the most talented and successful of these writers has admitted that even now, when her position is assured, she is entirely at the editor's mercy, and has been invited to extend the story for another fortnight in the case of one novel, and on another occasion to bring the story to a conclusion in three instalments! Harassing indeed must be the life of such "literary" hacks.

Mdlle. Hélène Vacaresco.
Author of "The Queen's Friend."

The success which crowned her first volume of poems, "Chants d'Aurore," Mdlle. Vacaresco earned again by her first attempt at fiction, "The King's Wife," in which she turned to excellent account her special knowledge of the Roumanian Court. In her new novel, "The Queen's Friend," the scene is again in part at the Roumanian Court, but the plot has at least one feature of novelty and interest. A young Roumanian lady is educated in England and marries an English nobleman, and her experiences in English society are described with unusual insight and knowledge.

We understand that Mr. Murray will publish shortly a new book entitled "The Three Miss Graemes," by Miss Macnaughtan, the author of "A Lame Dog's Diary." The latter work, as well as Miss Macnaughtan's other novel, "The Expensive Miss Du Cane," is now issued by Mr. Murray.

Australia has been persuaded by Mr. Deakin to establish an "Australian Men of Letters Fund," to do for that continent what the Civil List does in this country. The amount is five hundred pounds per annum, and it is proposed to give relief at the rate of one pound a week to distinguished authors whose work brings in only a small return, to other writers who cannot pursue their avocations through age or infirmity, and to the families of literary men who die without being able to make provision for those they leave behind. Such a fund is deserving of all support, and it is a good sign that a young country should devote a small part of its revenue to such purpose.

Those critics who hold the theory that no works of an author which the author has not himself included in his works should be reprinted had excellent opportunity to state their case in connection with Mr. M. H. Spielmann's "Hitherto Unreprinted Contributions of Thackeray to *Punch*," Mr. Lewis Melville's "Thackeray's Stray Papers," and Mr. R. S. Garnett's "Thackeray's New Sketch Book." They will now have another chance, this time in relation to Dickens, for in the magnificent "National Edition" many miscellaneous papers from the *Examiner*, *Household Words*, *All the Year Round*, and many other periodicals will be included. These articles and sketches have only recently been discovered, by means of the contributors' pay-book, which is in the possession of Mr. R. C. Lehmann.

It is rumoured that yet another volume of Thackeray's unreprinted papers is to appear, but the name of the editor has not been divulged. While the minor writings of a great author are always interesting to students, it is to be hoped that there will be no doubt as to the authenticity of the items in the forthcoming volume. The bibliographers of Thackeray are acquainted with more than a score of articles that *may* have been by the great man: the number known to be by him, however, is smaller.

Mr. Stewart M. Ellis's biography of William Harrison Ainsworth, mentioned in THE BOOKMAN some months ago, approaches completion. It contains many unpublished letters of the novelist, some of the most interesting of which were written in his youth, when he was upon the town as a dandy, and before he had made his name. Ainsworth's conceit was as wonderful as that of Samuel Warren, and he seems to have sprung into popularity almost as easily as the author of the "Diary of a Physician." He is little read nowadays, but he was an interesting figure, and Mr. Ellis's biography will be eagerly awaited.

Miss Travers, the author of "Thyrsis and Fausta," is Devonshire bred, but she would rather be called a Sussex countrywoman, since Sussex is the county of her home and preference. She had the good fortune to live for some years at Field Place, Horsham, Shelley's early home, and part of "The Two Arcadias" was written there. By means of Shelley

as it were, Miss Travers came to know the late Dr. Richard Garnett, to whose unfailing kindness and steady friendship she owes so much. Miss Travers's present home lies south of the Downs, near Arundel, "between the long woodlands and the sea." She is much interested in the welfare of the country poor, and claims to know something about the conditions of labouring life in the south; yet probably, like most outside knowledge, it hardly amounts to more than sympathy and a confession of ignorance. She has a great feeling for Ireland and wishes ardently that she had been born an Irishwoman, so that she might have joined whole-heartedly in the efforts of Celtic patriotism and the work of the Gaelic League.

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Miss Travers.
Author of "Thyrsis and Fausta."

The writing of memoirs has ever been a more fashionable occupation in France than with us, no doubt from causes of racial temperament. Madame Bernhardt's fascinating book, for example, could scarcely have been written by an Englishwoman. But this particular form of literature does not lack an appreciative British public, as the many editions of the gay Grammont testify. Messrs. Sisley are about to begin the publication of a new Library of Memoirs in a cheap form. The first volumes—as it happens, mostly English—will give the memoirs of Madame du Barry, Lady Hamilton, Grace Dalrymple Elliott, Captain Blaze, and Mrs. Fitzherbert.

Mr. John Lane seems to be in luck. Not only has he discovered, in Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie, a poet whom he confidently asserts to be a real genius, but he has found a new essayist whom he goes so far as to call a "classic" and compares with Pater, Stevenson, Sir Thomas Browne, and Kenneth Grahame. This is Mr. W. Compton Leith, whose "Apologia Diffidentis" is just published.

Field Place, Horsham.
Shelley's early home, where Miss Travers lived for some years.

With the death of Holger Drachmann, poet, novelist, and writer of short stories, travel sketches, and translations, modern Danish literature loses its most outstanding figure. He had been for some time under treatment for an affection of the nerves at the little fishing village of Hornback, where he died on January 14. In his own country his popularity was very great; Denmark last year celebrated his sixtieth birthday, and for some time he had been in receipt of a civil list pension.

At first an artist, with a preference for sea studies, he came in the early 'seventies under the influence of George Brandes, whose inducements served to make him throw himself with wonderful energy into the literary vocation. One of the most prolific and versatile of writers, it is through translations of his plays that Englishmen are chiefly familiar with him. His best work was undoubtedly included in his studies of the North Sea sailors and fisher folk. In his lifetime he wandered over most of Europe, visiting England twice, but had latterly made his home in Copenhagen.

A literary man passed away in December last in William Hall Griffin, whose work has attracted not even a passing notice in the literary journals. Yet such notice is assuredly deserved. The son of James Theodore Griffin, a colonel in the American Civil war, William Hall Griffin was born in the United States, at Rochester, on March 22, 1857. In 1862 his parents settled in Hampstead, and their son was educated at University College School and then at University College.

There he was a favourite pupil of Henry Morley and won distinction in English. Mr. G. A. Aitken, the author of the "Life of Steele," was in the same class and can bear testimony to Hall Griffin's great popularity among the students and the profound deference paid to his literary opinions. After a long voyage round the world, and a brief experience in an insurance office, Hall Griffin married a Liverpool lady and acted from 1884 to 1890 as assistant master at University College School. Towards the end of that period he obtained marked success as a lecturer. He did much work as an Extension Lecturer; at the Crystal Palace among foreign students; and went as far afield as Marburg and Chicago. But from 1890 his chief lecturing was done as Professor of English at Queen's College, Harley Street, and later, both there and as lecturer in English Language and Literature at Birkbeck College, where he had large and growing classes from 1905 down to the time of his death.

W. Hall Griffin.

Henry Morley recognised in Hall Griffin a "born teacher"; he was not so good in a public lecture as with a class; but with a class he could have had few equals in his own subject. He was not exactly witty, and many would have denied him a superfluity of humour. He had not the humour, for instance, to recognise the merit which shone through the inaccuracies of Mr. Chesterton's book on Browning—as his scathing article on that book in the *Athenæum* eternally demonstrated. But he had that special kind of sarcasm and facetiousness which captivates the minds of young people (and may we say especially young ladies?) so wholly. He was a decidedly handsome figure, of a most winning address; such mannerisms as he had were entirely agreeable, and his pupils hung on his every word. But there was far more than this. He knew how to interest, how to excite, and how to draw a class. He teased them delightfully with his banter, he kept them amused, he spared no trouble over the correction of exercises and all the corroborative detail of the teacher's art. He dramatised the dullest texts. He breathed a spark of humanity and vitality into Sweet's "Anglo-Saxon Reader."

His published work is not significant, and is quite unrepresentative of his worth. He finished and bibliographised in 1895 the last volume (xi.) of Morley's "English Writers," he published a school text or two, and re-edited Mr. Dobson's "Handbook of English Literature." But the work of his life was the preparation of a colossal Life of Robert Browning. In size and scope it was to rival Masson's Milton, while in the wealth of its illustrations it was to surpass Mr. Norie's book on the Young Chevalier. A working model or outline of this mammoth biography was nearly finished and was to have been published in March. A publisher hates an unfinished book as "an unfilled case," and some attempt will probably be made in the direction of "finish." But Hall Griffin's work cannot really be completed. The best idea of its minute, objective, and exhaustive character can be obtained from the fragments published in reviews (*Monthly*, November, 1900, *Contemporary*, January and March, 1905). Readers of the present day hardly know what use to make of such minuteness of detail and such deliberate disregard of all merely æsthetic considerations—the aim of the writer being apparently to illustrate every passage, nay every image, in Browning by a photograph on one side, and an illustrative citation from Browning's library, which he had ransacked and explored in every corner of Venice, on the other. Wherever Browning went in act or thought Hall Griffin followed him like a shadow. In the future it is more than probable that if he likes the subject, the expert biographer will pay attention to this kind of biography exclusively. Hall Griffin had practically a monopoly of this far-aimed Boswellism.

The death of such a man (he died on December 16, 1907, after an operation) leaves a painful gap among friends and pupils. He was a devoted man, and his attractive personality had the crowning grace of self-abnegation. For, in spite of all his forensic qualities, his affability, and his attractive readiness of address, Hall Griffin was not one of those who push themselves forward by self-advertisement over the heads of their contemporaries. He was rather lacking in these self-regarding qualities. He was endowed rather with an old-fashioned homeliness and friendliness which had its formidable side (when he insisted, for example, on a friend accompanying him home to a late high-tea at Buckland Crescent), but which could be readily perceived, by all who really knew him, to comprise a sociability of the truest, most self-denying order.

We noticed with pleasure in January that Everyman's Library was going to afford hospitality to the greatest of American historians, Francis Parkman. The best writer that we have on Canadian history, one of the very few authors able to make colonial history readable, and in a sense a continuator of Parkman, is Mr. A. G. Bradley. It is good to know therefore that Mr. Bradley is fitting a book on "The Making of Canada" during the somewhat obscure period from 1763 to 1814 into the gap between his "Fight with France for North America" and his even more popular "Canada in the Twentieth Century." Australian and South African publicists, please copy!

All students of Dante will note with interest that Messrs. Constable are shortly to publish a volume of "Dante's Lyrical Poems," a study in mystical and erotic poetry, embodying much original research and a rehandling of the text of the odes, ballads, and sonnets of the divine poet by Mr. Edmund G. Gardner, author of "Dante's Ten Heavens."

A book to look forward to in March is "The North-West Passage," by Roald Amundsen, a man inspired by the exploits of Nansen to a fine fervour of Arctic fanaticism, and animated by a bluff and school-boyish humour of the kind which seems the best envelope for a man who has to endure the polar ice. The cheery, boisterous narrative of these seven mariners setting forth in a herring-boat to navigate the passage which has baffled so many Arctic heroes is a thing not upon any account to be missed. The book is dedicated to Dr. Nansen and will be published by Messrs. Constable in a form similar to "Farthest North."

Those readers who took the hint afforded in our last issue to look for unexpected forms of miscellaneous diversion in "More Pages from the Day-book of Bethia Hardacre" will be rewarded by some very amusing gossip about the old London pageants and city poets. The executive committee of the London Pageant ought to look into the matter, and the City of London might well, as of old, set up a rival to the laureate.

A chance is now to be afforded to bookbuyers to purchase the "Dictionary of National Biography" at a third of the original price. Three of the original volumes are to be compressed into one, printed on lighter paper, and the whole reissue to be complete within the year in twenty-two volumes, including the supplement, at 15s. each. The recension, for which the publishers have been fortunate enough to obtain the services of Mr. Sidney Lee, will embody the corrigenda and a revision of the leading bibliographies.

It seems a pity that arrangements cannot be made for the regular and systematic continuation by instalments of a work of reference so important to the nation, and so indispensable to all kinds of literary men. Larousse, whose encyclopædias have so well-deserved and international a reputation, goes on issuing supplements quite automatically. What a pity it is that this same excellent firm does not obtain a competent reviser for its English articles. For the lack of one we have to read that Milton is buried in Westminster Abbey and that Rudyard Kipling wrote a famous patriotic chant called "Russional"!

In these days, when no author is regarded as established as a popular favourite until a uniform edition of his works appears, it seems natural enough that such an edition of Mr. Henry James's novels should be announced. We have as yet heard no definite particulars of the books that will be included, but since we are at liberty to assume that only a selection of Mr. James's many stories will appear, we venture to put in a plea for the re-issue of some of his earlier books. Even Professor Oliver Elton's recent panegyric of Mr. James's later period—of "What Maisie Knew," "In the Cage," "The Two Magics," etc.—will not detach some of us from our keen admiration for "The Europeans," "The Bostonians," "Roderick Hudson," and the first-fruit of Mr. Henry James's pen.

The death of the lady who achieved fame under the quaint pseudonym of "Ouida" will cause many minds to revert to her novels. It is the fashion of present-day readers to sneer at the books of this author, and many of their strictures were justified, but these *flamboyant* stories had notwithstanding undoubted merit, while later works from the same hand, such as "The Dog of Flanders," showed a loving-kindness and a gentle spirit that, especially at this moment, should disarm criticism. Let us mourn the great-hearted lady who has gone before.

In the illustration of this number of THE BOOKMAN we are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. William Heinemann and Messrs. Geo. Bell & Sons. We reproduce an illustration from "Children's Children" by kind permission of the artist, Mr. Muirhead Bone, and Messrs. Duckworth & Co.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

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George Sand in 1869.
From a photograph.

THE READER.

GEORGE SAND.

By Thomas Seccombe.

George Sand in 1860.
From a photograph.

I.

In the summer of 1831 appeared "Nôtre Dame de Paris," and, within a twelvemonth, followed "Eugénie Grandet" and "Indiana." "Have you read 'Indiana'?" was the question in everybody's mouth in Paris just seventy-six years ago. Sainte-Beuve, the ripening oracle, pronounced it a wonderful record of personal impression, but a book which of its very nature could have no sister. A rash prediction! For no literary bantling that ever came into the world has ever had such a rapid succession of healthy sisters as "Indiana." Fortunately they are not all alike whether in height, breadth, length, taste or colouring. One "Indiana" was enough even for the Romantic hunger of 1832. "Quel idéal stupéfiant!" An unfortunate young woman, misunderstood by her relatives, is married to an unsympathetic savage, Captain Delmare. Her lover is a dandy egoist, one Raymon de Ramière, who understands her, if possible, less than her husband. Her affinity is discovered at length in Sir Ralph Brown, a Saint-Preux Grandison of a hero, a mixture of ice and flame, the strong man of whom all the Jane Eyres dream in their nunneries. After an orgy of Byronic melancholy, progressively grandiose and suicidal, Brown has discovered the appropriate scene for his self-immolation on the heart of virginal Nature, where a diaphanous cascade leaps through a rainbow down the solitary ravine of Bernica in the Isle of Bourbon. There he is joined in a *mort de luxe et de limelight* by the lovely and ecstatic heroine.

The second book, "Valentine," which appeared in December, 1832, is a great improvement on this; for here George Sand first showed the "bon petit pied Berrichon," the footprint of which is still so delightful to all who like a firm stamp of locality about a novel. There is something very sweet and noble too about the figure of the young heroine. But the *lionne* of '32 comes out in the confidante, a bastard daughter, and mother of a child born out of wedlock, who is also half in love with Valentine's lover—as an afterthought very characteristic of George Sand this love is proclaimed to be demi-maternal. After Valentine's marriage, a compulsory one and the reverse of happy, this half-sister and confidante plots with the benevolent doctor to place Valentine and her filial lover upon a footing of intimacy. This may seem indelicate, not to say unlawful, in the eyes of the vulgar world, as she objects to the friendly physician, but the good old man completely reassures her, and asks with a smile—*sourire malin et affectueux*—why she should care for the judgment of a world which has viewed so harshly her own harmless little irregularities. The books that follow, "Lelia," and "Jacques," deal with the same subject of ill-assorted marriages and *femmes incomprises*—"Jacques" indeed may almost be termed a frontal attack upon the institution of marriage. It is the well-meaning but unhappy and unworthy husband in this case who puts himself to death upon a pillar of perfection, like an Indian god, to add a tint of rose to the horizon of his beautiful young wife and her gay young lover. Could the gravity of Rousseau, or of the Man of Feeling, or of X. de Maistre, or of the author of "René," have risen to such a height as this is a question that admits of no positive answer—but every one will form his own opinion.

George Sand in 1840.
Engraved from a drawing by Nargeot.

George Sand's sincere belief at this time—and she acted upon it to the letter—seems to have been that in regard to the affections and emotions, as in more material things—"Propriété, c'est le vol!" A good deal, perhaps, may be said for the idea. But marriage is something more than an idea, it is a convention—the greatest perhaps ever invented by man. And having stood the siege of many thousand years and innumerable shocks at the hands of those above or below the *via media* of life, the fact that it should have survived the affronts of the *gilets rouges* and the *culottes* of George Sand need not surprise us beyond measure.

In 1835, when "Jacques" first burst upon a world of sympathetic young persons, Paris thought otherwise, and a new era of evolution, or revolution, seemed dawning. Who is George Sand, every one was now asking, and where did "he" get that style? The journalists unravelled the secret of this amazing personality by degrees, not without difficulty—making known by

instalments to a delighted and astonished world that "Valentine" and "Lelia" were the work of a woman, still young, of olive complexion and sphinx-like appearance, who lived in a small apartment on the Quai St. Michel, dressed often as a man and frequented the cafés and reading-rooms of the Latin quarter. The new writer, it was seen, disdained the puerility of adventure and the triviality of minute description, but she understood men and women, and had fathomed the deepest recesses of the human heart. Her birth name was Aurore Dupin; she had been brought up in the country near Châteauroux by her grandmother, a highly respectable old lady who clung tight to the *convenances* though herself the bastard daughter of the famous Prince Maurice de Saxe, himself the bastard son of the King of Poland. She was irreproachably married off in middle life to an old gentleman of abundant resources, and it was accordingly a very great shock to her when her son, a dashing soldier of the Revolution and *aide-de-camp* to the superb Marat, married his own (and other people's) mistress, a birdseller of the Quai de la Mégisserie of extremely varied antecedents. Aurore was born a few weeks after this union (a circumstance which greatly shocked the greatest *roué* among her lovers); she took her revenge upon marriage and its proprieties later on as opportunity offered. She herself gave the institution a trial of eight years, from her eighteenth to her twenty-seventh year; but in the end it disappointed her, and she determined to give free play to her more generous instincts. She convinced herself quite genuinely that she was acting from the highest motives, and that the pantheistic deity whom she worshipped was the tutelary god of *liaisons louches*. Jules Sandeau, her literary godfather, was her first lover, and in his novel of "Marianna" (1839) he thus described her, in retrospect:

Photo by Nadanlz. **George Sand.**

"She had been brought up in the country and now first left it, and her manners showed a strange compound of boldness and timidity. Sometimes indeed she affected a kind of petulant brusquerie, the result of a secret uneasiness, and an ardour that ran to waste. She had almost a man's familiarity of address, so that it was easy to be intimate with her: but her haughty chastity and her instinctively aristocratic air mingled with her *abandon* certain suggestions, as it were, of a virgin and of a duchess, contrasting strangely with her disdain for the proprieties and her ignorance of the world. All the evidence revealed in her a richly endowed nature, stirring impatiently beneath the weight of a wealth not yet called into activity. Life—palpitating life—seemed to move among the curls of her beautiful black hair; and there burnt as it were a hidden fire beneath her delicate and transparent skin. The purity of her brow indicated that the storms of passion had not yet broken upon that noble head; but the expression of her eyes, burning, yet weak and tired, spoke of terrible interior struggles, ceaseless but unavowed."

In after days Jules came to write bitterly of the heart of George Sand as a necropolis (*cimetière* was too weak a word), not wholly without justification; but for a time they helped each other with their work and were supremely happy. George herself wrote of this ecstatic hour:

"How I wish I could impart to you this sense of the intensity and joyousness of life that I have in my veins and in my heart. To live! How sweet it is, and how good, in spite of annoyances, husbands, boredom, debts, relations, scandal-mongers, sufferings and irritations! To live! It is intoxicating! To love and be loved! It is happiness! It is heaven!"

But in 1833 Alfred de Musset came along and met George Sand. He was twenty-two and had just published "Rolla." Poor old Jules was very soon a "back number"; and the happy pair were honeymooning at Venice—the scene of so many *chefs d'œuvre*—"André," "Léone Léoni" ("Manon Lescaut" reversed, written in a fortnight), "Lavinia," "Metella," "Mattea," "La Dernière Aldini," "Isidora," "Teverino," "Piccinino," "Les Maîtres Mosaïstes," and, above all, "Lucrezia Floriani," and the first volume of "Consuelo." Unfortunately, Alfred fell ill, and his physician was kissing George, who made an irresistible nurse, behind the screen in the sick-room. She then accepted Dr. Pagello's escort to Paris, but realised that he would cut rather a preposterous figure in the metropolis, and lost him on the platform of the terminus, or words to that effect. Pagello was the one exception to the rule established among George Sand's admirers to "kiss and tell." He survived until well over ninety, and then circumstances proved too strong for him. Thiers remains alone, unique!

The severance from Alfred proved a shock, throwing the whole machinery of the emotions out of gear. A

From a drawing by Callamatta

George Sand in Male Attire. About 1830.

change was impending, too, in the principles which decided the lady's preferences. Her lovers, hitherto, had been mere boys, passionate swains, one-idea'd poets—Sandeau a student sowing his wild oats, Merimée a precocious cynic, Pagello *un bel homme*, de Musset, though a genius, a degenerate and a decadent. A metaphysical, philosophic, and intellectually formative love would henceforth be George's ideal. She wanted a lover to teach her to pray and to preach. She throbbed with the religion of humanity, and under its influence and that of her domesticated philosophers wrote such books as "Compagnon du Tour de France," "Spiridion," "Les Sept Cordes de la Lyre," "Le Meunier d'Angibault," "Le Pêché de M. Antoine," and "Les Lettres à Marcie." Similar exalted doctrines of human perfectibility pervade the subterranean passages of the "Château de Rudolstadt."

From a lithograph by Jullien.

George Sand in 1832.

he has sedulously studied. But, personally, I do not believe in the truth of this picture. George Sand suffered under no sense of sin, but of free, open, and generous character, silent but sincere, an *improvisatrice* in life as in letters—too careless in both, but good at the root—she took adventures as they came; and if you can pardon her first desertion of her husband (which had much to palliate it), you will probably find no great difficulty in extenuating her occasional fickleness to her lovers. People who set conventions at defiance ought to be able to stand the racket. George Sand could, and did.

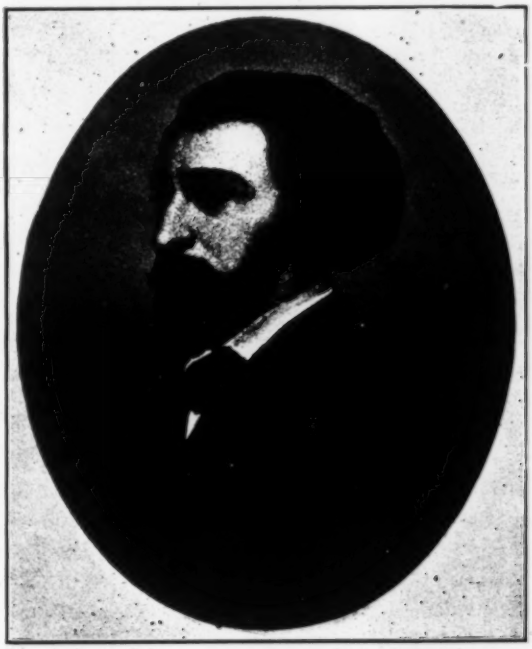


Photo by Jacolin-Gahery.

Alfred de Musset.

The description of the three stages of loverhood *vis à vis* of George Sand, by "le petit Liszt, qui était lui-même constamment sur les genous des princesses et des comtesses," is amusing enough and may be true. First, he says, she caught her butterfly, and tamed it in her box by giving it grass and flowers—this was the love period. "Then she stuck her pin into it when it struggled—this was the *congé*, and it always came from her. Afterwards she vivisected it, stuffed it, and added

Mr. Gribble has written a very amusing book * about the liaisons of the great novelist, full of cynicism, but full of verve, and not, perhaps, wholly incredible as an interpretation of the documents all of which

Photo by Nadar.

George Sand in 1870.

From a lithograph by Lafosse.

George Sand in 1866.

* "George Sand and her Lovers." (Nash.)

it to her collection of heroes for novels. It was this traffic in souls which had given themselves up unreservedly to her which eventually disgusted me with her friendship. . . . For all that George Sand was really very good company; and if one forgot she was a woman—a thing I rarely care to do—and if one closed one's eyes to her *maternal proclivities*—a funny term coined to express her own disenchantment—one could admire her, and even passionately attach oneself to her."

George Sand.

But I am convinced that the libertinage of George Sand's liaisons is grossly exaggerated in Mr. Gribble's clever but not convincing exposition. The mind of George Sand was essentially pure. She had an instinctive aversion to any thought or utterance in the least degree coarse or lascivious, and her fastidiousness in such matters earned her no little ridicule among her male comrades, and especially Balzac, who called her *une bête, une chipie*. . . . The incarnation of romance in fiction, it is a notable fact that George Sand should have been so closely linked with the two greatest of the realists, Balzac and Flaubert, both of whom admired her greatly, though they read her sparingly. Balzac was able, literary egotist though he was, to analyse the difference between their two styles with uncommon penetration:

"You are always in search of man as he ought to be, or would like to be. I, on the other hand, take him on as he is. Believe me, George, we are both right. Both roads lead to one and the same destination. I do not know but what I am even fonder of exceptional beings than you are—I am one myself. They are needful to me as relief to my vulgar creations, and I never sacrifice them needlessly. But the commonplace creatures interest me more than they do you. I magnify them. I idealise in a topsy-turvy fashion their very ugliness and stupidity. I make monsters of them and add grotesque malproportions to their deformity. This would be alien to your genius altogether, and you are right in disregarding creatures and things which would give you the nightmare. Do you idealise in the charming and the beautiful—a feminine occupation; I have to teach men how to idealise in the ugly." *

After the storm and stress of 1845–50 came a period of calm in which are written those brilliant emanations of rustic fantasy which have a place apart in the literature of the epoch. In "François le Champi" and "La Petite Fadette" there is, perhaps, a touch of kailyard affectation in the recital being placed in the mouth of a provincial hemp-grower. The plan of "La Mare au Diable," in which the dialogue falls from the lips of the actors themselves, is far better and contains scenes and descriptions which attain much of the unstudied simplicity and beauty of the antique. In this, in "Jeanne" with its pastoral vignettes, and in "Les Maîtres Sonneurs," or the Bagpipers of Berry, she formed a school, to the value of which Fromentin paid due homage when he inscribed to Madame Sand his beautiful quietistic story of "Dominique." La Petite Marie, Fanchon, and Madeleine in "François," with Catherine in "Villemer," Jeanne, Edmée, and Valentine, are to me the most charming of all George Sand's heroines.

"François le Champi" is, to many, the nearest approach that George Sand ever made to the pastoral charm of "The Enchanted Pool." She has told us herself how it came to be written. One day she was sauntering in one of those blind lanes remote from the high road which she describes with such attractiveness in her second novel, "Valentine." She was surprised when thus engaged to see a horse suddenly leap over the hedge into the lane beside her; riding the horse bare-back was a boy of seven, who slipped promptly to the ground, left the animal to graze by the wayside, and turned to climb back over the hedge—no easy task for a child so small. Like François in the story, the boy knew neither his name, his age, his parents, nor his home. Ashamed always to answer "No," when asked his age he replied "Deux ans." All he knew was how to stick on to the back of an unbroken colt, like a bird to a branch shaken by the storm. The idyll that follows is a pendant to that of Fanchon, and the way in which the waif makes himself indispensable, the tale of his services to Madeleine, and of how from regarding her as mistress he gradually comes to love her, and to dare to hope that she will love him, is told with an almost infallible art.*

* Ferry, "Balzac et ses Amis."

* It is worth noticing, though, that D'Haussonville has compared the treatment of this motive with that in Thackeray's "Esmond," not by any means to the advantage of George Sand, whose taste in details is sometimes erratic. It is to be hoped that Mr. Daniel O'Connor will add "François le Champi" to the charming series of "Classiques Français Illustrés" which he is editing for Messrs. Bell.

The last books, those that follow these incomparable eclogues, are, in some respects, the most human of all. They are the product of the last twenty years of her life (1856–76), that of the brave, magnanimous, laborious later self, the loved, trusted, and revered friend of Flaubert, Turgenev, Daudet, Zola, the great artists of France without exception, and of most of the noblest minds in Europe. In these last books, beginning with "Jean de la Roche," "Le Marquis de Villemer," "Les Beaux Messieurs de Bois-Doré," "Valvédre," "Tamaris," "Antonia," "La Ville Noire," "Laura," and ending with "Flamarande" and the "Histoire de ma Vie," she treats the whole world as her child, and tells it stories —excellent stories, too, most of them, and written in a style and with a charm of colouring and accent of which she alone had the secret. Her habits at Nohant, the studious and recluse, have been minutely described. She joined the family at 1.30 as they were taking coffee after lunch. Then she gardened, walked, or botanised for an hour or two, wrote letters from 4.30 to 6 p.m., then dined with family and guests, and spent the evening with music or Sir Walter Scott. The novels were all written between midnight and six in the morning. Her secretary thus describes her practice as the first romance-writer of her time:

"Madame Sand wrote her novels on ordinary note-paper. I used to prepare her a number of little copy-books, consisting of twenty sheets sewn together. Her object was to write exactly the same number of lines on each sheet. This was necessary in order to calculate the number of letters contained in each work. Her novels were, in fact, sold before they were written, on the basis of so much for so many letters: and she had to adhere to the stipulated length, neither exceeding nor surpassing it.

"As soon as one novel was finished she began another, without pause or interruption. Simply making a few notes of the names of the principal personages, their respective characters, and the scene in which the story was to be laid, she then set to work without further delay.

"No outline of the plot was ever written out. Had she any fixed plan, even of the vaguest description, in her head? All that I can say for certain is that, except when she was at work, she never seemed to be preoccupied with her subject, and never talked about her books while she was engaged upon them.

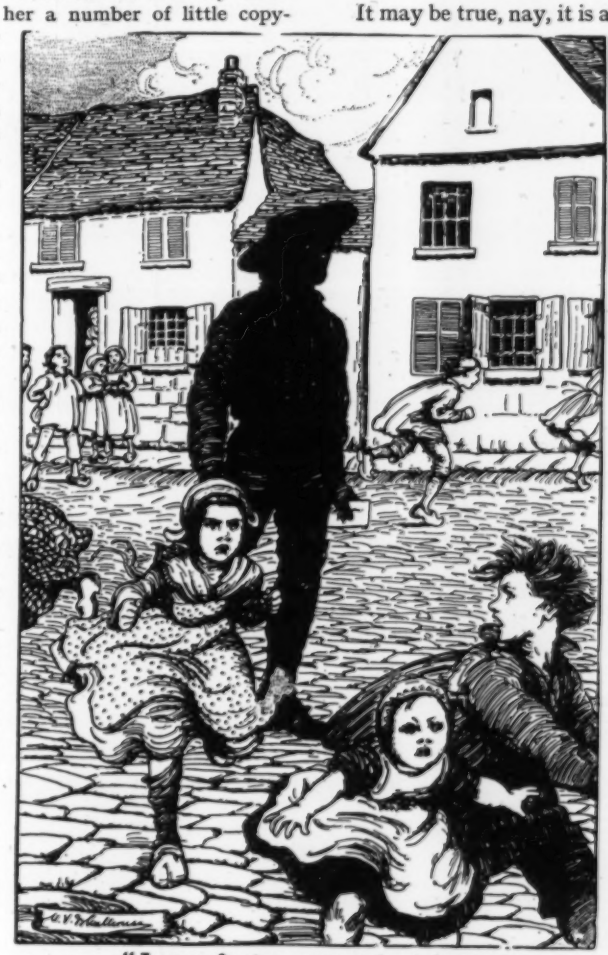
"She, who was often so embarrassed in her speech, wrote with incredible facility, and was never at a loss for a word. As each copy-book was finished, she handed it over to me, and I made a copy of it, which was sold in Belgium in the days when literary piracy was still allowed there. It often happened that Madame Sand got appreciably ahead of me, and when I expressed my astonishment at this, she replied, 'What! You don't understand my going faster than you? The explanation is very simple. When you have copied a sentence, you have to read the next one before you can write it out. This stops you for a moment, and these repeated stoppages necessarily leave you behind me, seeing that I write straight ahead without ever losing a second.'"

When a novel was finished, George Sand used to gather her manuscript together, without correcting, and leave it at the bottom of a drawer for a fortnight. Then she took it out again and read it over as if it were the work of another hand. She "cut" it a little, and erased or altered expressions that did not please her; but she never made any changes of any importance.

In these days at Nohant, to the very last, she was happy, healthy, busy, and amused. She had attained to a stage of life not inactive but passionless and serene, and she lived much in the public view, a model of regular living and a good conscience, until she finally took to her bed in May, 1876, and died on June 8, at a good age and in the full odour of sanctity.

II.

It may be true, nay, it is almost certain that it is true, as Mr. Henry James alleges, that the novels of George Sand will not bear re-reading. One or two exceptions there may be, no doubt—"Léone Léoni," "André," "La Mare au Diable," all of these are short and have something particularly endearing in their singleness of aim and tender radiance of style; parts, too, of "Jeanne," "François le Champi," "Les Maîtres Sonneurs," "Le Marquis de Villemer," and even of "Consuelo," retain much of their former potency to enthral and to ravish us. But many of the romances most enthusiastically welcomed and praised *dans le temps* have no longer the power to fix the attention and hold it fascinated and entranced as a first-rate modern novel may do now and again. The stories, as we skim them, exhale the pathos of half-forgotten dance-music. We can dimly recognise the



"Les enfants se sauvaient de son passage en criant: 'Le diable! le diable!'"

(Reproduced from "Les Maîtres Sonneurs," by kind permission of Messrs. G. Bell & Sons.)

"Il joua tres-doux un air qui, sans être chagrinant, donnait à l'esprit souvenir ou attente de toutes sortes de choses."

(Reproduced from "Les Maitres Sonneurs," by kind permission of Messrs. G. Bell & Sons.)

melodies that set heart and feet moving in the long ago, but there is barely a faint echo of the old response. These stories are so full of the very life and hope of 'twas sixty years since; we feel them palpitating with the warm healthy young existence that made them. But they can no longer penetrate the diffuse envelope in which they are so densely enswathed. The legend of George Sand may increase and may go on growing, but her true voice is getting dimmer and dimmer behind the redoubt of her hundred romances. And as the voice fades we see the imperceptible, inevitable shade which creeps like the hand of a clock and weaves the first veil of mist over the rapture, the sadness, the exaltation, the tenderness, and the ecstasy of a whole generation. What remains to us from George Sand is not a portrait-gallery of characters, not a climax of situation or circumstance, but a warm vernal breath of sentiment and a few exquisite isolated scenes such as the village fête in "Valentine," the *fille aux oiseaux* in "Teverino," the description of the French Doones and their lair in "Mauprat," the midnight fire in the oak-wood of "La Mare au Diable," Jeanne with her vaches in the prairie at Boussac or in the *tourelle* with Claudie, André's introduction to the grisettes, and the temporary interruption of their babble compared to that of startled finches in the grove, a simile worthy of Virgil.

She has left us hardly a single one of those deeply marked personalities, common property of Shakespeare, Molière, Scott, and Balzac, not to speak of Dickens and Thackeray, who fix themselves in our memory better than historical personages, and whose very names provoke a train of vivid reminiscence and reflection. Her personages are created not from close observation, but are created out of sentiment and are intended to represent sentiment.

Her style is not more realistic than her matter. It is lacking in the curiosity or the piquancy of a modern prose. In essentials it is classical, rocked in the lap of eighteenth-century tradition, as mellifluous and rotund as Rousseau at his best, of the time of Goldsmith. Her best writing wells up from a fountain ontiguous to that of the fondest sentimentalists of that expansive period. Do not ask her what she thinks: thought presumes reflection, and she does not reflect. Her function—and it is great enough—is to express with an ideal resonance and charm a feeling for natural beauty and images of youthful or heroic passion. These qualities are of the very essence of that romance of which she was the living embodiment.

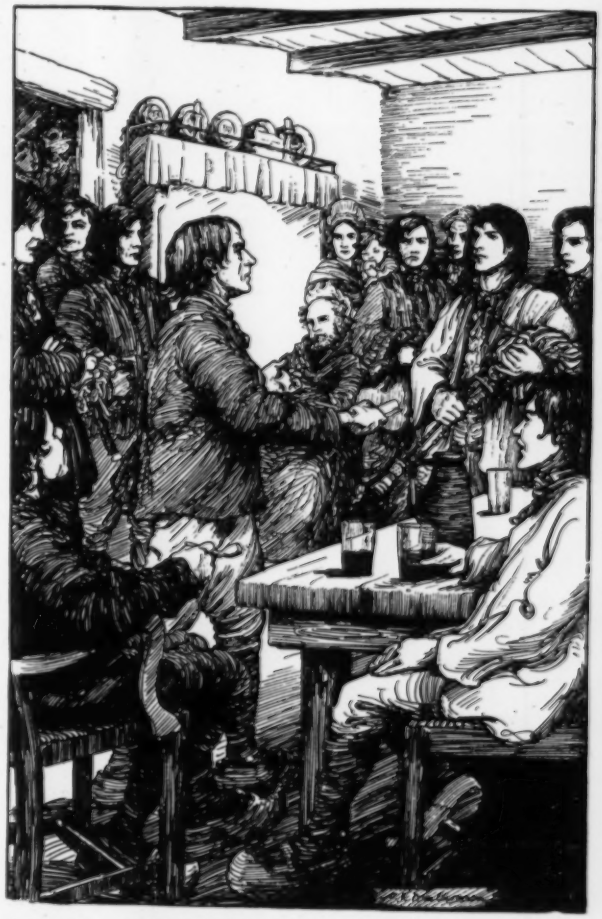
In the later days of her artistic life George Sand and Octave Feuillet stood almost alone in their support of that good rubric of romance amid a rising tide of realists. Sandeau, Souvestre, About, Bernard, Murger, the creators of *L'Ami Fritz*, a whole tribe of understudies had come and gone. The tradition was handed on in a sense, already modified as it was by the reaction of the Flaubert school and still more to be modified as time went on by the impact of Zola, to Cherbuliez and Theuriet, and, perhaps we may add, to Bazin and Pouvillon. "Le Secret du Precepteur" is worthy of comparison with George Sand's work of her most accomplished period, that namely of "Jean de la Roche" and "Le Marquis de Villemer"; and a good number of Theuriet's countless romances such as "Sauvageonne," "Reine des Bois," "Mdlle. Roch," "Hélène"—which I shall persist in admiring notwithstanding the sneers of Mirbeau and of the united Académie Goncourt at Theuriet's *botanisme académique*—have an even more intimate resemblance to the sylvan idealism of "The Bagpipers of Berry" (*Maîtres Sonneurs*). In England fractions only of the peculiar excellences of George Sand are to be found scattered very widely, but most abundantly, perhaps, among the romances of the George Macdonald, William Black, and R. D. Blackmore school. Mr. Walter Raymond, Eden Phillpotts, and Halliwell Sutcliffe are the best representatives of this studio that occur to me at the present moment. Trollope, Miss Yonge, and Mrs. Oliphant have approached George Sand in fertility * and in their relentless mastery of what has been termed the *jeu continu*; but as regards real artistic control of the *style coulant* they are not to be spoken of in the same breath or the same hemisphere; nor in reality can any one of them be said to have approached her in world-wide fame any more than in

* George has also been termed the *vache à écrire* who produced *à jet continu*.

the gift of idealty. It is to be remembered that the best of George Sand's works were translated into all languages, and that their international popularity has been rivalled among English-speaking novelists of the last century (apart from a single novel here and there, such as "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "East Lynne") only by Scott and Dickens.

Something under a score of the Sand novels satisfy all my requirements at present. I have read "La Petite Fadette," but I cannot discover a copy on my shelves, and I no longer covet a copy, as I should once indubitably have done. The desire to re-acquaint oneself with these admitted *chefs-d'œuvre* of George's does not assume an intense form. And yet, as I have discovered by careful inquiry, the circulation of her novels is still immense. Their ubiquity, whether in salmon or apple-green, on every second-hand bookstall, at the standardised price of sixpence sterling, helps to attest it. They have been read and re-read too, coffee-stained, and dogs-eared. They may not be books that one clings to, or for which one is prepared to make a sacrifice, to read twice. But they are the books to make their author's fame lasting. For anodyne purposes they are almost without a rival. There are certain states of the affections for which a novel of George Sand's may be regarded as almost a specific. In cases of green love-melancholy I could not imagine anything better to prescribe than "Valentine," "Léone Léoni," "Jacques," or "Jeanne." For a bad attack of hopeless, unequal, or ambitious passion-fever such novels as "André," "Mauprat," "Villemer," "Antonia," can be counted on for a soothing and sedative effect. George Sand had an experience almost without rival in the whole matter of symptoms, phases, and treatment—she knew better than to make fun of young love—as well decry poetry and romance at once; but she could extend a cool and healing hand to the fevered patient and cure him by a sympathy with the peculiarities of his individual case which seemed almost like divination. And how infallibly they entertain, these rapid improvisations of hers! The wit and humour are easy, and so in the last analysis is the characterisation and the construction. But the sequence is easy too, in a better sense; the conversation *flows* with all the spontaneous and natural charm of a brook, the dialogue rises at times to the highest pitch of excellence, the description is wholly admirable. In everything but the ironic sense the device or motto of George Sand's artistry seems to be *Sancta simplicitas*.

She seemed to know instinctively how to secure and hold the imagination of her own generation. She has not been able to retain it fully, partly owing to the sophistication of her own native creations by the attempted exposition of the philosophy of the man with whom she happened to be living or the hero whom she happened to be studying (a circumstance which led a malicious wit to remark, "Chez Mme. Sand, le style—c'est l'homme"). Of the qualities that contribute most to immortalise literary genius she possessed only two perhaps in the fullest measure—namely, style and personality (temperament, legend), to which may possibly be added, but in a less degree, sense of the beautiful—the power to *idéaliser dans le beau*. But these will suffice. Her reputation has, perhaps, already suffered the worst at the hands of reaction. People will no longer read her hundred romances; but they will continue to read books about George Sand and her lovers, George Sand and her correspondents, George Sand and her friends. They will read copious criticisms and excerpts and abstracts of her best fiction. They will make interminable pilgrimages to Nohant, and will come to treat George Sand, even in their innermost thoughts, as one of their select circle of acquaintance. Literature is not immortal, though we are pleased sometimes to speak of it as if it were. Nor is it by any means always the best that survives in letters any more than in politics, religion, language, or human character. But we can at least say that "La Mare au Diable" and the first volume of "Consuelo" are of the stamp that the world will not be allowed very easily to forget. And as to George Sand herself, the first of all the women writers of her generation (as she was regarded by all the best judges), it is my opinion even now that, with all her faults, her fame will outlive that of every Sevigné, Staël, Austen, Brontë, and George Eliot of them all.



"'Et vous, Joseph Picot, . . . vous êtes reçu maître sonneur de première classe, sans exception d'une seule voix.'

(Reproduced from "Les Maitres Sonneurs," by kind permission of Messrs. G. Bell & Sons.)

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

FEBRUARY, 1908.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and the address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is offered for the six happiest dedications in English literature during the last fifty years.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best short story from any biography of the last ten years.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JANUARY.

I.—THE PRIZE for the best quotation has been gained by M. R. C. FINNEY, 22, Park Road, Wath-on-Dearne, near Rotherham.

MR. NOYES'S CRITICISM OF COLERIDGE.

"Moved by the great example, I pursue
The self-same road, but make my own review."
BYRON, *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*

Other quotations submitted were :

THE MAN IN THE MOON. BY W. NATHAN STEDMAN.

"Better dwell in the midst of alarms
Than reign in this horrible place."—COWPER.

(E. NEWTON, 3 St. John's Terrace, King's Lynn.)

LOVE WHILE YE MAY. BY H. SWALLOW.

"My eager hopes were on the wing
Like Swallow's."—MONTGOMERY.

(B. MOORE, 41, Glenwood Road, Catford, S.E.)

JERUSALEM. BY W. BESANT AND E. H. PALMER.

"Oh Palmer, grey Palmer, now tell unto me
What news bring ye home from the Holy Countrie ?"
SIR W. SCOTT.

EDRAGIL, 1745. BY L. M. WATT.

"Phœbus ! What a name !"
BYRON.

(J. E. MACDONALD, 50, Spottiswoode Street, Edinburgh.)

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS for the six best quotations illustrating Tennyson's observation of bird-life has been gained by W. H. PARKER, 60, Wood Street, Woolwich.

I

"From the woods
Came voices of the well-contented doves.
The lark could scarce get out his notes for joy,
But shook his song together as he near'd
His happy home, the ground. To left and right,
The cuckoo told his name to all the hills ;
The mellow ouzel fluted in the elm ;
The redcap whistled ; and the nightingale
Sang loud as tho' he were the bird of day."
The Gardener's Daughter.

II.

"Up leaps the lark, gone wild to welcome her,
About her glance the tits, and shriek the jays,
Before her skims the jubilant woodpecker,
The linnet's bosom blushes at her gaze,
While round her brows a woodland culver flits,
Watching her large light eyes and gracious looks,
And in her open palm a halcyon sits
Patient—the secret splendour of the brooks."
The Progress of Spring.

III.

"The building rook'll caw from the windy tall elm-tree,
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea,
And the swallow'll come back again with summer o'er the wave,
But I shall lie alone, mother, within the mouldering grave."
New Year's Eve.

IV.

"Look, look how he flits,
The fire-crowned king of the wrens, from out of the pine !
Look how they tumble the blossom, the mad little tits !
'Cuck-oo ! Cuck-oo !' was ever a May so fine ?"
The Window.

V.

"When rosy plumelets tuft the larch,
And rarely pipes the mounted thrusn,
Or underneath the barren bush
Flits by the sea-blue bird of March."
In Memoriam.

VI.

"The blackcap warbles, and the turtle purrs,
The startling claps his tiny castanets.
Still round her forehead wheels the woodland dove,
And scatters on her throat the sparks of dew."
The Progress of Spring.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best list of twenty Bedside Books has been gained by Mr. D. M. J. James, Deveron Road, Huntly, N.B.

TWENTY BEDSIDE BOOKS.

1. Bible.
2. "Imitation of Christ."
3. "Religio Medici."
4. "Shakespeare."
5. "Bacon's Essays."
6. "Montaigne's Essays."
7. "Essays of Elia."
8. *Spectator.*
9. Irving's "Sketch Book."
10. "Autocrat of Breakfast Table."
11. Boswell's "Johnson."
12. Lockhart's "Scott."
13. "Chaucer."
14. "Earthly Paradise."
15. "Golden Treasury."
16. "Pepys' Diary."
17. "Cowper's Letters."
18. "Don Quixote."
19. "Pickwick."
20. "Book of English Prose" (Henley and Whibley).

IV.—THE PRIZE of a Year's Subscription to THE BOOKMAN has been awarded to Rev. R. F. Cobbold, Beachampton Rectory, Stony Stratford, and REV. F. HERN, Rowbank Castle, Hants.

ALBUM VERSES ATTRIBUTED TO LORD BYRON.

By William E. A. Axon.

IN 1829 John Murray, who was Byron's publisher, issued a volume entitled "The Casket, a Miscellany, consisting of unpublished poems." It is a well-printed octavo of some four hundred and seventy pages. There is a long list of subscribers, including members of the royal family, many of the nobility, and various persons of literary and social distinction. The contributors include James Montgomery, W. M. Praed, George Crabbe, Bernard Barton, the Ettrick Shepherd, Thomas Haynes Bayly, L. E. L, Theodore Hook, William Wordsworth, Blanco White, Francis Wrangham, R. C. Trench, and other names, now or then well known. There are several poems by authors who were already dead when the volume appeared. To this class belongs a piece which the editor attributes to Lord Byron. It reads as follows :

Verses written in Compliance with a Lady's Request to Contribute to her Album.

They say that Love had once a book,
(The urchin loves to copy you,)
Where all who came a pencil took,
And wrote, perhaps, a word or two.

'Twas Innocence, that maid divine,
Who kept this volume bright and fair,
And watch'd that no unhallow'd line
Should ever find admittance there.

And sweetly did the pages fill
With fond device of loving lore,
Till every line she wrote was still
More bright than that she wrote before.

Beneath the touch of Hope how soft,
How swift the magic pencil ran,
Till Fear would come, alas ! as oft,
And, trembling, close what Hope began.

A fear or two had dropped from Grief,
And Jealousy would now and then
Ruffle in haste a snowy leaf,
Which Love had still to smooth again.

But oh ! there was a blooming boy
Who sometimes turned the pages o'er
And wrote therein such lines of joy,
That all who read them wish'd for more.

And Pleasure was the spirit's name ;
And tho' so soft his voice and look,
Yet Innocence, whene'er he came,
Would tremble for her spotless book.

For well she knew his rosy fingers
Were filled with sweet and wanton joys,
And well she knew the strain that lingers
After sweets from wanton boys.

And so it happ'd—one luckless night
He let his honey'd goblet fall
O'er the poor book, so fair and white,
And sullied lines, and marge, and all.

In vain he strove, with eager lips,
The honey from the book to drink,
But oh ! the more the boy would sip,
The deeper still the blot would sink.

Oh ! it would make you weep to see
The progress of the honey's flood
Steal o'er a page where Modesty
Had freshly drawn a rose's bud.

And Fancy's emblems lost their hue,
And Hope's sweet lines were all defac'd,
And Love himself now scarcely knew
The lines that he had lately trac'd.

The index now alone remains
Of all the pages spoilt by Pleasure,
And though it bears some honey strains,
Yet Memory counts this leaf a treasure.

And oft, they say, she scans it o'er ;
And oft, by this memorial aided,
Recalls those scenes, alas ! no more,
And brings back lines which long had faded.

I know not if the tale be true,
But thus the simple facts are stated,
And I refer the truth to you,
For *Love* and *you* are near related.

"The Casket" was published at a guinea, and "Mr. Murray is requested to accept the thanks of the Editor for the liberality of the terms on which he has engaged to publish 'The Casket.'"

The poem is not included in the excellent edition of Byron's writings recently issued by Mr. Murray, nor does the editor of the Poems, Mr. E. H. Coleridge, make any allusion to it.

In a laudatory notice which appeared in the *Literary Gazette* it is stated that the editor was Mrs. Blencowe, and that the volume was issued for the benefit of some unnamed person who had been reduced from affluence. In Holland and Everett's "Memoirs of James Montgomery" (iv. 246) we are told that it "was published by the Rev. Francis Hodgson for the benefit of a clerical brother." Montgomery's contribution was his poem entitled "The Tombs of the Fathers." That Hodgson was responsible is confirmed by the memoir written by his son. The second volume (p. 167) contains the replies of Samuel Rogers and James Montgomery to his appeal. From these letters it seems that "The Casket" was in course of preparation at the end of 1827, though it was not issued until the middle of 1829. It is not at all likely that so faithful a friend as Francis Hodgson would include these verses unless he had satisfied himself that they were really from Byron's pen.

Although the verses do not reach Byron's high level, they have, I think, the graceful fancy and easy flow that marks the "unconsidered trifles" of his occasional verse.

NOTES OF A BOOKBUYER.

A PROTOTYPE OF SAM WELLER.

I MUST defer the notice of any recent purchases at Tunbridge Wells in order to find room for a note from *John Bull*. My copy of *John Bull*, by the way, bears the bookplate of the Rev. James J. Holroyd, M.A., White Hall, Colchester, of whom I should be glad to have some information. At the end of the seventh volume of *John Bull*, December 24, 1827, at the time when the paper had risen to its highest popularity, there was printed an article which I append. It was so much appreciated that Hook inserted it in the following number, saying: "In consequence of the great demand for the paper which contained the following article, we have been induced to reinsert it in this day's edition." My suggestion is that Dickens read it and to a certain extent followed it in his characters Tony and Sam Weller. From May, 1827, to November, 1828, Dickens was clerk in the office of Mr. Edward Blackmore, attorney, of Gray's Inn. He was supplementing his scanty education by reading at the British Museum, and he was studying shorthand. He began by reporting in the Doctors' Commons and other courts. His first article was published in the *Monthly Magazine* for December, 1833, and in 1836 he commenced "The Pickwick Papers" As is well known to students, Dickens was remarkably accurate, and even his most exaggerated sketches have a foundation in real life. Thus I have shown that the extract from a novel which poor Kate Nickleby read to Mrs. Wititterly is taken almost verbatim from a Minerva Press tale. With these explanations I leave the sketch to my readers. Very likely it has been noticed before, but I have never seen a reference.

POLICE EXTRAORDINARY.

Tuesday last, FREDERICK ROBINSON was brought before the sitting Magistrates at Bow Street, to answer to a charge of quitting his master's service without giving him due warning.

It appeared in evidence, that ROBINSON had some months ago engaged himself to drive the SOVEREIGN stage-coach, but finding himself unable to manage the horses, and being also apprehensive of the issue of several complaints lodged against him at the next quarter sessions, for careless and unskilful driving—he, the said ROBINSON did, last Thursday se'nnight, just as the SOVEREIGN was to leave London, quit the service of his master, and set off to some relations he has in Bedfordshire; since which time, every effort had been made to get him back to his work without success.

The following examination will best explain the nature of the case:—

Magistrate—Well, ROBINSON, what have you to say to all this?

Robinson—Please your Worship, I'll tell you the whole truth—I took the place because I likes to be doing, and thought I could do very well; but never having been used afore to work with *leaders*, vy the osses got the better o' me, and so I thought it best to be off, before any serious damage happened.

Magistrate—Have you been long in your master's service?

Robinson—Yes, Sir, many years; and in his Honour's father's sarvice too.

Magistrate—And did you never try to drive before?

Robinson—No, your Worship. I vas first of all book-keeper, and then I had to pay the men *in the yard*, and look after the *corn bills*, and all that—and afterwards master set me up in the *Checquers*, and a prosperous time I had on't there.

Magistrate—And then you tried to better yourself?

Robinson—Yes Sur, that was he; I thought driving would be good for my health, of which I am particularly careful at all times.

Magistrate—Pray now, ROBINSON, speaking of health, didn't your dispute with your master arise about some allowance of spirits in bad weather?

Robinson—Why, I believe I *did* say, your Worship, that I thought he ought to make me an allowance of *Hollands*.

Magistrate—I thought you said you were careful of your health, and I am sure that would do you no good—was that all you haggled about?

Robinson—I can't say as how it was, your Worship—we don't, somehow, live comfortable in the yard, and I'm all for a quiet life; and I know'd about Christmas time, the coach would be loaded with *turkey* baskets, and I didn't like such a cargo; and so I said to Sly-boots——

Magistrate—Who is Sly-boots?

Robinson—His name is GEORGE, only we calls him Sly-boots, for shortness.

Magistrate—What other name has he?

Robinson—TIERNEY, your Worship; and he and one PETTY, which is a new sarvant, is always a quarrelling, and if TIERNEY speaks sharp to PETTY, saving your Worship's presence, he swears he'll take the *broom* to him; and it's not pleasant, by no means, living in that ere state of fantigue.

Magistrate—Has PETTY been long in the yard?

Robinson—Master hired him to stay at home and take care of the office when I took to driving—he has been in sarvice afore, but they don't trust him to drive now, because when he did drive, he *ris* all the fares nearly double what they vas ven he first come to us.

Magistrate—Are you aware that your master has been put to considerable inconvenience by your absenting yourself?

Robinson—I'm sure I'm wery sorry to illconvenience any gemman, your Worship, but its better for me to go afore any wery bad accident happens.

Magistrate—Well, don't cry, ROBINSON.

Robinson—I can't help it, Sir—I did recommend him a steady chap to take my place, and master sent for him, and offered to set him up in the *Star and Garter*,

as well as let him drive, but he would not *handle the ribbands*, and so it all blowed over.

Magistrate—Why did you recommend that person without knowing whether he would take the place ?

Robinson—I knew he had always been an uncommon good *Rider*, your Worship, so I thought he might like to drive ; but truth is, the team master has got don't draw well together, and so I told him.

Magistrate.—Don't you think, ROBINSON, you had better go back to your place ?

Robinson.—Just as your Worship pleases—one of my fellow-sarvants did go back after quitting.

Magistrate—Who is he ?

Robinson—Old NICK, please your Worship—what drives the *Bexley Van*.

Magistrate—Do you know BEN TINCK ?

Robinson—I do Sir—a Dutch lad—he be now in sarvice abroad.

Magistrate—Dye' think he would do for coachman ?

Robinson—He may, your Worship, for all I know—some of his family did drive once, but whether it were his father or his mother, I can't rightly recollect.

Magistrate—That is, you don't recollect whether it was a mail coachwoman or a female coachman ?

Robinson—He, he, he—he, he.

Magistrate—Do you know WARD ?

Robinson—Which WARD, your Worship ?

Magistrate—JACK WARD.

Robinson—Oh, the Dudley boy ? Yes, your Worship, and a sharp clever lad he be.

Magistrate—Would he do to drive ?

Robinson—I rather thinks as how he wouldn't, your Worship—he did belong to the Opposition, but when that concarn failed, he comed over to the Crown, to master. I believe he has given warning, your Worship. His father has left him a lump of money, and he don't understand *out of doors work* much, and I believe he is a going as fast as he can.

Magistrate—Well now, ROBINSON, I have been consulting with SIR RICHARD here ; we don't wish to be hard upon you ; will you go back to your place till your master is suited ?

Robinson—I've no objection whatsumever, provided always, your Worship, that I am let to go before the sessions, which begins the 22d of next month.

Magistrate—Why, you are not afraid or ashamed of anything you have done, ROBINSON ?

Robinson—Both, and please your worship—I never meant wrong ; but things have all gone wrong, and the sooner I get to *rest*, the better pleased I shall be.

Magistrate—But, if your master should not get a servant he can trust ?

Robinson—Why then, Sir, master must get a coach as will go by steam : it would be the making of Squire LAMBTON, your Worship—and as for hot water, the Opposition will keep 'um in that.

Magistrate—ROBINSON, you are a wag.

Robinson—Your Worship is the first gemman as ever was pleased to say so.

Magistrate—Well, will you go back for the present ?

Robinson—Why, Sir, it's of no use, for I can't neither drive nor *lead* without fear of accident ; but if you pleases to speak to master, I have no objection to stay over Christmas with him ; but I won't go and be badgered up at the Sessions.

Magistrate—Go your way then, ROBINSON, and we'll see what can be done for you.

Robinson—Good morning, your Worship, and thank you.

ROBINSON left the office ; and we believe has arranged to remain in his present place for a few days, until his master is suited.

CLAUDIUS CLEAR.

BOOKBUYING ON THE QUAYS.

BY ARTHUR RANSOME.

BOOKBUYING in Paris has the sweetest setting in the world. I mean real bookbuying—not the businesslike entry into a glass-fronted shop where you ask for an author, pay down three francs fifty, and have him instantly handed you, in clean yellow paper covers, uncut, *integer vitæ*, characterless as a parcel of grocery. I mean the more human, intimate bookbuying, buying that is scarcely buying at all ; turning over book after book, talking as it were for a moment with veteran after veteran, browned, scarred, and mellowed by travail with the world. I mean the bookbuying of lingering moments, of half hopes, of expectations born and broken, until at last you meet the companion of your choice, the new fellow-occupant of your library, a tattered Gautier, an old green Balzac, or some leather-cheeked ancient, and go off with him—does not " under your arm " delightfully express the pretty relationship of cherishment and trust in which the two of you are placed ? That is real bookbuying, and in Paris it is not carried on in side streets, but along the most beautiful thoroughfare of the town, the Seine itself.

All along the parapet, above the river, from the Quai d'Orsay to the Quai de Tournelle, are fixed the small square boxes, owned by old men and old women, who rent each their little strip of stonework from the citizens of Paris. There are not even stalls to give the affair a false appearance of business. The boxes are simply fastened upon the river wall. And all through the

afternoons men in corduroys and sandals, men with black slouch hats and the big pipes and dark clothes of learning, clean-shaven priests, and men of letters, who have long passed from garret to drawing-room, with top-hats and velvet collars to their coats, wander from quay to quay, dodging the streams of traffic at the bridges, moving along the pavement crabwise, always facing the river, moving on from box to box, memory to memory, thought to thought, as they pick up first one and then another, or read the titles of the books.

This bookbuying is in no way cabined off from life. It is in the midst of it, close to an artery. You look from a page or a print up or down the river, and catch the reflections in the water, or see a barge moving slowly and heavily up-stream after an impatient tug, like a well-meaning wife after a too-intelligent husband. Perhaps there will be a few pots of flowers on the barge, a few shrubs, and a white awning behind the deck-cabin, shading the bargee and his family as they drink their wine at lunch. Close below you on the wharves there are women stuffing mattresses, and fishermen sitting, with legs crossed, chin on breast, and bamboo rod steady over the stream. Across the river there is the Louvre; and behind you the round towers of the Conciergerie where Marie Antoinette waited for her death. Or perhaps you are farther along, and look up from the books on the Quai St. Michel to the great mass of Notre Dame, facing squarely down the river, with the sunlight chiselling out its mediæval wealth of detail. You can see the gargoyle devils and bright-bloused tourists leaning out together over Paris, high above the houses. The other day I looked aside from a little red leather La Fontaine to some scaffolding in midstream where they are laying foundations or sinking for a tunnel. A flat punt was fastened to the scaffolding and in it a diver cased in rubber was standing like a helpless giant while some one screwed up the front of his shining basilisk head. He gave a few last directions with his fingers, and disappeared down a ladder over the side, the river closing above his helmet. I had to wait before looking again at the Fables, to see bucket after bucket of cement go down to him on the bottom of the river out of sight, and come up empty to be filled, until at last the water was broken over his copper poll as he climbed up and twisted heavily into the boat again, half monstrous man, half fish. And always there are the noises of the river, the hoots of the little steamers, the dip of oars, the plash of water against the rudders of the barges. And always too there are backgrounds magically composed, with the arched bridges, the distant buildings, the broad vistas of the river, and the wide delicate skies. A livelier, sweeter setting could not be imagined for that long thread of learning, the single rank of boxes on the parapets, the gnarled old men with their pipes, the old women with their knitting, who sit on stools and take the money. And as for the money, it is difficult to regard it as payment for the books. It is rather a courteous tip, a *pour-boire*, a libation to the mild old deities of learning whose priests and priestesses are these French grandfathers and grandams, smoking and knitting through the afternoons, and watching with shrewd, careful eyes the moving devotees.

We are always told, by those who are jealous of our youth, that there are no bargains now like those of yesterday. It is a lie. We are not hucksters, to buy books for nothing and sell them for a lot. But it is still possible to buy for a few sous books whose value cannot be estimated in rubies or pieces of gold These are the true bargains. You may go East with Gautier for a franc, be wise and merry with Rabelais for the same, and, for six miserable little copper coins, put pistol and sword in belt and spend an evening of gallant adventure with Dumas for comrade in arms. For much less than the price of a dinner you may take Bossuet, Boileau, or Fenelon, if you want gravity, and Brantôme or Margaret of Navarre if you are tired of it. Or, if you want to decorate your shelves, you may pick up for almost nothing one of those old books from the Italian presses, a book that you will never read, but whose vellum back, with its title inked by a hand several centuries ago folded over the breast of a corpse, will give you an unearned dignity during that last pipe at night that you smoke, not reading but looking at your books.

There are English books in the boxes, and mostly bad ones—an index to the taste of tourists who shed them and pass on. There are the ordinary cheap children's books, a few lesson books from the schools, silly novels privily disposed of by young needy ladies from the pensionnâts, and some of those classics that are fast turning into lumber. Still, I bought Mr. Yeats's "Shadowy Waters" for twopence-halfpenny close to the Pont Neuf, and my copy of "The Pilgrim's Progress" came from under the very shadow of the Conciergerie.

Lastly, you may meet one of the works of Xavier Marmier. He was not a great man, but a gentleman and a true bookbuyer. When he died he left money for a dinner to all the booksellers of the quays, in memory of his hours before their boxes, as pretty a courtesy as I can bring to mind. Wherefore, if you see a Marmier in the boxes, look along the quays and think of him a moment, and then buy it, man, buy it, if it costs you the last franc at the bottom of your purse.

New Books.

AN APOLOGY FOR POSITIVISM.*

It would be impossible for Mr. Harrison to write a dull book. And this volume offers brilliant pages, well reasoned, incisive, to the purpose. Yet, on the whole, we desiderate something which is lacking to their charm, such as we find in the author's literary expositions, in his "Ruskin" and studies of eminent men. The idea was to furnish philosophical grounds which might justify Mr. Harrison's "Creed of a Layman," given to the world last April. But when he attempts the pure abstract style, this wielder of prose becomes a little less than himself as a critic, general observer, and ripe student. Much philosophy, in the great old sense, he does not pretend to have, or, it may be said, any at all; for he is merely negative, without even the critical apparatus by which Kant exhausts the mind of its contents, leaving it a void inane. If we go to Mr. Harrison for "positive" (*i.e.* real) affirmations about the nature of things, their origin, meaning, or permanent value, we shall come back empty. On all these questions, with which philosophy has been concerned from Pythagoras to the last Gifford lecturer, he utters the same monotonous word, "Ignoramus et ignorabimus"—we know nothing, and shall never learn a syllable more. Common sense, according to Mr. Harrison, is agnostic as regards the Supreme Reality, everlasting life, creation, and absolute ethics. It just takes a sponge, blots out every transcendental creed that it sees on the tablets of history; and where we used to read "God" it writes "man." That is all its wisdom. Yet, by an unfortunate and curiously French perversion of language, this particular sceptic is eager to keep the names after the things they denoted are gone. And so, to our bewilderment, religion, the soul, immortality, worship, and almost all their company haunt us like shadows from the grave where theology lies buried. Such is the paradox of Positivism. Mr. Harrison satirised that sublime Unknowable preached by Herbert Spencer as "the ghost of religion." Well, here comes a troop of ghosts, led by the magic of Auguste Comte's piping, in a sort of Catholic *danse des morts*. We wish they would go back to their family vault.

French, Catholic, reminiscent of the medieval Church,—this reaction, so far as it teaches or builds up, bears an odd likeness to the movement called Tractarian. It marches along a Via Media between historic religion and modern secularism. In one sentence it speaks with an accent devout enough to persuade the very elect. In another, closely following, it echoes David Hume and pats Mr. Huxley on the shoulder. Its benevolence is unbounded; but the estate which it would fain administer is, on its own showing, bankrupt. Our frank philosopher allows that man ought not really to be worshipped as a god. The high range of vision and motive is, in fact, forsaken. When we discount Mr. Harrison's eloquence, and reckon what we have lost, the remainder is pathetically small. Man, left to his lonely world, achieving therein with infinite toil a few things that have no meaning except for him as he passes away, is he not pitiable? The cynical scorn of "Candide" fits him better than the sentimentality, which cannot hide the sadness of a rose-coloured "meliorism," always addressing an audience which the deep in not many minutes will swallow down. If we must be agnostics, let us not be dupes. Is man alone conscious and a moral being in the universe—man the mortal, whose day flickers in the sunshine, to vanish and be seen no more? Then, "seul le silence est grand; tout le reste est faiblesse."

No, you cannot have a religion without God, however strangely disguised. For even the Buddhist deifies his Nirvana and makes of it a heaven. On this side Mr. Harrison's fervid appeals ring hollow. "Humanity" will never be anything but an abstract noun. Nevertheless, man requires and demands a religion, not one in which he may worship himself, but one that will stay him on the Everlasting who can hear and answer his prayer. When the ingenious observer is offered "science" for a comfort in trouble, he replies that science will not help him at all. These pages, trenchant as they are true, make short work of the pretension, now so widespread, on the part of physical experimentalists, to judge high matters which they have never looked into, and concerning which they are simply incompetent. Mr. Harrison, to the great scandal of his friend the late Professor Huxley, was at one with Christians in denouncing the claims thus arrogantly put forward. He is never weary of telling Atheists that their system cannot be accepted, and is only a stupid form of hypothesis, the worst among possible explanations of the universe. To Materialism and all its futile word-spinning, by which thought is got from phosphorus and affection from electricity, he opposes common sense, which is here abundantly justified. He rallies Mr. Spencer on his (x^n), or algebra raised to the infinite, masquerading as Our Father in Heaven. With entire conviction he declares that for all purposes of life, ethics, or religion, the Unknowable is equal to zero; and then the Synthetic Philosophy becomes—what? A combination of molecular motions, predestined and mechanical, in which there is no room for sympathy, admiration, moral choice, or heroic effort. Its very creator, as we know, detested the work of his brain; with a bitter cry like Esau, Mr. Spencer confessed that the old superstition was far more attractive and would always be returning in some plausible shape. Altars will never be set up, observes his critic maliciously, to the Unknowable God. This mighty enterprise which was to co-ordinate thought with action and Nature with Humanity has failed. Its ruins cumber the ground. For it explains nothing, despite its evolutions, cohesions, and homogeneities. It breaks down before the problem of Man.

Still more surprising is the zeal with which Mr. Harrison attacks and overthrows the Agnostic. Surely he told us that he was one himself. He has written it in plain characters, and repeatedly. But now he will not have so mere a negation at any price. It is unable to bear the weight of the world. Agnosticism "has no future," and "no *locus standi* by itself"; as Charles Darwin said, "it affords no permanent consolation to the mind"; it "is continually melting away under the stress of powerful sympathies." By all means; I quite agree. But why, if this be so, not allow it to melt altogether? And why elsewhere advertise one's adhesion to nineteen out of twenty among the Huxleyan formulas, which multitudes have translated into base Materialism? Was Mr. Facing-both-ways a philosopher?

These are the embarrassments of a Via Media. Mr. Harrison, by temper a Christian, nay, even a Catholic, has not the courage to walk through his logical puzzles and solve them by an act of faith. He knows well that all things must have a transcendental or everlasting value, and that a good will is absolutely good. On these bases Nature becomes a symbol of realities greater than itself, Humanity is seen to be God's image, and Life has significance without end. The ideas of the New Testament survive in our author's conscience when the creed has been shattered. He is living on his Christian heritage while he disowns the title-deeds by which he came into it. Hence the wavering attitude, the incoherencies of language, the amiable inconsistency, the sentiment that

* "The Philosophy of Common Sense." By Frederic Harrison. 7s. 6d. net. (Macmillan, 1907.)

shudders at brutal "science," and the "science" that is invoked to pull down theology. What, after all, does human nature reasonably demand? If it cannot be Agnostic or Materialist in the long run, will it not be Christian? All the good things in Mr. Harrison's pages seem to answer, Yes. WILLIAM BARRY.

A BIANTHOLOGY.*

We have lately had a book of living humorists, and now Mr. Jerrold presents us with a collection of specimens from living English poets. We are glad to notice these signs of a reaction against death. Mr. Jerrold very properly bids us recognise our singers and do justice to them while they are yet with us. "A little girl of eight," he continues, "bringing her father a letter, asked with the inquisitiveness of childhood who it was from"—something, by the way, seems to be wrong with this sentence—"and on being told that it was from Mr. So-and-so, a well-known poet, commented with wide eyes, 'I thought all poets were dead.'" "So they ought to be," the Philistine will add, but we confess that we agree rather with Mr. Jerrold. We once heard a man who afterwards became a Cabinet Minister declare that any one who cared more for poetry than the Poor Law was an intellectual fop. No doubt the austere outside of a Poor-Law guardian may contain a human heart and, for all we know, conceal a passionate affection for romance. Possibly, when he has finished with the distribution of the rates, he may throw off a rhyme or two (anonymously, of course) in praise of the auditor or in dénunciation of the Local Government Board. Still, speaking quite generally and without intending to undervalue a useful and admirable body of administrators, we should prefer, for conversational purposes and the lighter graces of life, to associate with poets. On the same principle we venerate a Poor-Law Blue Book so long as we are not compelled to read it, but we own we like some books of poetry better. We are, therefore, intellectual fops, and we address ourselves to those who are like unto us.

Whither have we strayed? We have abandoned Mr. Jerrold *in limine*, in his very preface, before we have allowed him to introduce us to a single one of his sixty-two makers of rhymes. Let us return to him, and make the acquaintance of his friends.

We desire to say at once that we think Mr. Jerrold has done his work of selection very well. We cannot promise every one that he will find all his favourite authors or all his favourite pieces in this book. No such undertaking could be given in regard to any anthology we have ever seen or heard of. The chief thing is that the editor, though he must be allowed to have a perfectly free exercise of his personal preferences, should give proof of a catholicity of taste and, if the expression may be pardoned, a certain tolerance of judgment both of subject and of the manner of its treatment. He is not to admit doggerel; but, on the other hand, he is not to consign a poet to the outside darkness merely because he looks at his matter from an unaccustomed standpoint or deals with it in a way that the man of rigid formulæ will regard as unorthodox. If we apply this test to Mr. Jerrold, we must admit that he suffers but little damage. He has his standards, of course, but for the most part they are of sound literary quality. We do not ourselves at all times agree with him. We should not, for instance, have picked out "M'Andrews' Hymn" as the one piece by which Mr. Kipling should be represented. A *tour de force* it undoubtedly is with its wonderful technical jargon (all correct, we understand), but for pure poetic quality we could have wished for a different choice. Nor do we think that Mr. Watts-Dunton should be made to sink or swim on "Mother Carey's Chicken." It has some fine breezy, briny stanzas, but there are curious patches of flatness, as, for instance, here:

"Yea, lift thine eyes to mine. Dost know me now?
Thou'rt free! thou'rt free! Ah, surely a bird can smile!
Dost know me, Petrel? Dost remember how
I fed thee in the wake for many a mile,
Whilst thou wouldst pat the waves, then, rising, take
The morsel up and wheel about the wake?
Thou'rt free! thou'rt free!—but for thine own dear sake
I keep thee caged awhile."

So noble a bird should be more majestically employed than in patting waves, where no necessity of rhyme forces it to this task. Moreover, we are quite sure that no bird can smile—not even a parrot.

On the other hand, we can have nothing but praise for the anthologist who gives us such pieces as Mr. Belloc's "The South Country," that beautiful and tender poem made more poignant by its touches of archaism and irregularity; or Mr. Alfred Noyes's joyous and delightful "Sherwood," and the same poet's "The Song of Re-Birth," with its high, elusive subject caught, as it were, and woven into the very texture of its rhythm and melody; or Mr. A. T. Quiller Couch's "The Planted Heel," so lightly, so musically didactic; or Mrs. Margaret L. Woods's rapturous "April Song"; or Mr. Andrew Lang's exquisite "Scythe Song"; or Mr. Thomas Hardy's "The Darkling Thrush," with its pure Wordsworthian feeling, its lyrical delicacy, and its rough strength—such a combination, in fact, as only Mr. Hardy can give us. We pick these out from a number of others that are of high merit, but space forbids us to enlarge our selection. One little matter we noted in our passage through the volume. We cannot make much of the beginning of Mr. T. Sturge Moore's "That Land":

"Oh, would that I might live for ever
Where those who make me happy dwell!
Because she other place names never
Desire doeth excellently well,
Now, wooing me;"

We suspect some mysterious derangement, for we have been able to get sense out of the last three lines (and a thick sh sort of sense at that) only by supposing Mr. Sturge Moore capable of one of the most dreadful efforts in inversion ever accomplished by a poet.

On the whole, then, we are glad to be able to congratulate Mr. Jerrold on the result of his labours. It is true that, in spite of such brilliant pieces as those we have named, the music of the sixty-two, when it is taken in bulk, gives a somewhat muffled sound. That, however, is not, we think, to be imputed as a fault to Mr. Jerrold, if we once grant him the premise that a book of living poets was necessary and desirable.

* "The Book of Living Poets." Edited by Walter Jerrold. 7s. 6d. net. (Alston Rivers.)

MISS COLERIDGE'S POEMS.*

This small book contains two hundred and thirty-seven poems, of which the late Miss Coleridge published one-third in "Fancy's Following," "Fancy's Guerdon," and "The Garland," and several newspapers. Except to her friends, the author was Ανοδός, for she would not put the name of Coleridge to her poems, though, if only for their scrupulousness, she need not have been ashamed to do so. They are a most precious autobiography, the expression in fine English of a personality interesting for its emotion and its reticence, and still more for its combination of the two. They suggest, I know not how truly, a cultivated and experienced woman who might for long appear to be pure intellect and will, but has in her often-sounded, but infinite, depths of spiritual life. She fights a losing battle without being hardened or alarmed, finding unexpected consolations and always looking at things in her own way, so that even the defeats enhance the value, because they add to the profundity, of life. There is hardly a rich, sensuous line in the whole book, and hardly any love simply of beautiful objects (with the doubtful exception of "Street Lanterns"). Conventionally beautiful or not, she esteems things according

* "Poems." By Mary E. Coleridge. Edited, with preface, by Henry Newbolt. 4s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

to their spiritual significance, and this esteem is reflected in her language and rhythms, though these last abound in originality, and are never mere lengths of so many syllables. A resolute delicacy, an ardent quietness, a frank reserve, are among her characteristics; and since their medium is verse which—only because it also is the work of an utterly careful artist—might be compared with that of Mr. Bridges, the book is yet another proof of the poetic abundance of our day; and only through this abundance could her work have remained as obscure as it is. Some little excuse there is, too, in the very fineness of her work, for this neglect. She is so true to a hairbreadth to herself: and that gives many of her pieces a singularity, though not a strident one, and a special appeal, which can have their plenitude of force with but a few. I think this is true, for example, of "Two":

"No nearer to thy presence let me stand!
Fate set me in a strange and distant land!
There let my life run out its tranquil course,
Unchecked, as now, with every painful breath,
To feel between us a dividing force
More strong than death!

"And say not thou, 'This is love's waning hour.'
By love's own God, I never felt his power,
The all-commanding terror of his bliss,
Never in passion's noontide loved thee more.
When I compare my former state with this,
I never loved before."

Many readers will be inclined to salute its sincerity and complain that it touches them too little, either because it is so exceptional or because its exceptional quality has found a delicate but not a universal form. That is more true of the poems that make no appeal to the senses, or the mind through the senses, than of those that do; yet "A Mother to a Baby" is not alone in making, through a subtle and special emotion, a universal appeal. In many poems she describes with just as much fidelity to her vision moods and the objects of moods of a far from obvious kind, and they go deep with their brief truth, yet suffused with lights from we know not where. Others, again, have no such light about them, but are simple statements, lucid and bare as a chemical analysis, like "Burial":

"How, was it I—I that unmoved
Stood tearless in the funeral train,
When it was you, you that I loved,
Whose earth was given to earth again?

"The highest heavens are holy ground,
The song of birds—the dawn—the gloom.
In every perfect sight and sound
I bow, fair love, before thy tomb."

Of the same spareness is "Awake."

She is equally good at a kind of unforced allegory—as in "The Witch" and "The King." And there are many spiritual epigrammatic pieces which are to be classed with hardly anything except Father Tabb's work. Nearest to a song is "Renaissance Gentlemen," and her self-criticism was, as usual, right in allowing it to her. In "Affection" the language is so colourless and yet effective that it calls to the mind the grey ashes that still just crumble and flutter with the heat that has left them pale but not yet cold. Her sonnets are among the few written lately which persuade the form to accept the thought without modification, instead of forcing the thought or part of it or something like it to accept the form. Such a one is:

"Deep are thy waters, love, in every heart.
Who is there that hath ever sounded these?
Lightly we sail the still, unfathomed seas,
Without a compass and without a chart.
Yet are there two that have essayed this art—
The mother with her firstborn on her knees,
The son whose cordial spirits shrink and freeze
To see the life from whence he lives, depart.
These who have learnt that all their strength is weak,
These who have striven in vain and vainly found
Their resolution but an idle freak
And all their spoken faith an empty sound;
These have let down the plummet; could they speak,
They would but say, 'It never touched the ground.'"

The poems of affection are probably the finest of all, but they are so many and various that it might harm them to quote one. If there are any poems to-day which have more poignantly expressed the happy, the doubtful, and the unhappy searchings of heart of one who loves in solitude, I have not met them. They remind one a little of "De Flagello Myrteo," and they are, besides, in perfect verse. Many ought to be grateful to Mr. Newbolt for this collection, and he makes us feel quite sure that he can have omitted nothing that was worthy of the poet.

EDWARD THOMAS.

A LOSING GAME.*

The author of "The Edge of Circumstance" has written another stirring novel of the sea. We are anxious to make it clear at once that "The Grain Carriers" is enthralling as a story, for Mr. Noble, as will be shown immediately, wishes it to be effective as a rousing tract. It is a matter for congratulation that it is both.

The story tells how two wind-jammers, the *Magician* and the *Padrone*, loaded up with grain at 'Frisco and carried it round the Horn to England. Or, rather, they passed through the Golden Gate with it for England; the *Magician* only reached port, and she with a jettisoned cargo. The *Magician* got away with a drugged and crimp-found crew. There was mutiny and murder on board. She dodged through the Doldrums, ran before the gale in the Southern Pacific, fought the grey-beards of the Horn, pitched into ice. The *Padrone* kept her company from their meeting in the region of the dying Trades, over the edge of the fifties, into the grim ball-room of the grain-carriers, until, thumped and battered by the seas, she heeled over at last, dead-beat. Mr. Noble is liberal with the adventures of the sailor-man, and his pages are a succession of terrifying descriptions. The half a dozen chapters which tell how the two ships on the same seas butted and staggered, hove-to and ran, how one lorded it through and the other gave in and lay down, are as brilliant as anything yet done by him or by any of his contemporaries among our sea-novelists. The author writes out of his own experience. He makes a cunning use of details, often technical, in building up a large impression; from phase to phase of the contest he passes with unflagging zest, with which his descriptive powers keep pace. Captain Collins of the *Padrone* has his wife and his daughter Anita on board with him, and Anita's sweetheart is Philip Devine, third mate of the *Magician*, who comes out of the mutiny trouble on top and captains the ship to port. It cannot be said that this romantic element is handled with so much distinction, but it powerfully affects the story in a direction most pleasing to novel readers. We are made to see, too, how the presence of women in the cabin might influence the judgment of the captain; and in Captain Collins of the *Padrone* we find again an exposition of a favourite subject with the author, the war of divided duties. If Mr. Noble's work still shows a tendency to melodrama, that is partly due to the intensity of his own feelings about the sufferings of those placed in such situations and passing their lives in such conditions as he so very vividly, sometimes luridly, describes.

And that brings us to his purpose in "The Grain Carriers." Generally, it is to call attention to the evil condition of the mercantile marine; in particular, it charges the new free-board legislation with making that condition a greater scandal than before. On both the general and the particular point Mr. Noble stands forth with a *J'accuse* directed against the British nation. He paints the sailors who man our tramps as slaves, and the captains as men with their hands tied, useful as a sacrifice; and he charges the nation at large with the responsibility for this, and with a huge ingratitude towards the Service which feeds and clothes it.

* "The Grain Carriers." By Edward Noble. 6s. (Blackwood.)

And while in an ironic dedication he blames Mr. Lloyd-George, who introduced the new load-line regulations, with rendering still more dangerous the conditions of the sea-going life which he had deplored in his speeches, Mr. Noble fixes the responsibility for this also on the British people. Two years ago an amendment of the Merchant Shipping Act buried the Plimsoll mark and substituted a new free-board line. In Mr. Noble's story the owners of the *Magician* and the *Padrone*, British owners of British ships, take advantage of the amendment to have them loaded at 'Frisco six inches deeper. And the point of his story is that the *Padrone* was lost, the *Magician* nearly, because they were too deep for the Horn in winter. The *Padrone* was the more jerry-built, and that turned the scale against her.

"Filcher [the owner] ordained the loss of the *Padrone*. The stupid people who rule us made it possible for Filcher to do as he did. That is the story—the whole story. . . . The increase of the load-line only hurts the sailor. . . . The trouble lies deeper—it lies in cheap freights, cheap ships, cheap fittings—the infernal mechanism of a competitive system which is killing not only sailors, but driving our ships off the sea. . . . It's your nation that is responsible—the nation that has killed its farmers and turned its country into a park—a nation that would turn its farm hands into hell if it thought it could get grain cheaper by hustling them here. . . ."

Out of the mouths of his characters we quote Mr. Noble. The point is highly controversial, and we state it, of course, without comment. Our purpose is served when we have shown that in a story, intensely fascinating and moving in itself, an eloquent, accusing voice makes itself heard.

THE OXFORD BOOK OF FRENCH VERSE.*

There are three persons or entities who deserve congratulation in connection with the book before us—the Clarendon Press, on having conceived and brought forth a very pretty and delightful volume; Mr. St. John Lucas, on having begotten that same with a sufficiently "noble gust"; and the general reader, on having an opportunity to clear off one of his most besetting misconceptions. For there is no doubt that, as a rule, even well-read Englishmen do look with hardly concealed distrust on French verse. A few young men from time to time affect it, though generally but in parts; a few critics "take it up." But it is very rare to find an Englishman (even Matthew Arnold was no exception) who does not think in his heart of hearts that "Frenchman" and "poet" are contradictions in terms. How wildly wrong this is, there have always been some to know, perhaps; but they have never been many. And there have been far too few attempts to increase their number by judicious anthologies; in fact (as a consequence of the other facts) there have never been many people qualified or inclined to make them.

The inclination and the qualification have come together very happily in Mr. Lucas. He has, indeed, been a little affected by that strange and striking influence which French literature has exercised over most students of it. To find an absolutely independent critic among such students is the rarest of things. The gigantic if not divine conventions of the subject impose themselves; or if anybody strives to escape the imposition, he goes off into fantastic will-worships of Guérins and Mallarmés. Did not even the *alleszermalmend* free-thinking of Voltaire admit that "it brought bad luck" to indulge in speaking evil of Boileau? Mr. Lucas makes some admissions of another kind about Nicolas, but they are made with much gingerliness. At one end he speaks of the *Chansons de geste* as "dreary and monotonous"—most "properly" but most incorrectly; and at the other laments Gautier's lack of "noble expression of noble thoughts"—most "properly" again, but most insufficiently. He does speak out about Malherbe; but he finds in Du Bartas nothing but "inflated fustian." Chateaubriand is to him "the protagonist of modern French poetry"—a really interesting statement and a text from which a long discourse might be made to grow, "but not in this soil." From his own point of view, however, Mr. Lucas has written a thirty-page survey of French poetry which is excellent in style, well based as regards matters of fact, skilfully proportioned, and altogether a good porch to the very satisfactory building which lies beyond it.

In the structure itself we could wish for a little more of the earlier matter. Unless the book was intended to be not a collection of French *verse*, but one of French *lyric* only, at least a specimen or two of the dreary and monotonous *chansons* should have been given, to supply a chance of finding out the magnificence of their verse, the—

> "Pipes, trumpets, nakers, clarions
> That in the battle maketh bloody souns."

Jehan de Lescurel should certainly have been represented in the *ballade* period, and so on. But there is little graciousness and rather less use in continuing this kind of criticism. It is the business of the anthologist to make his own anthology; and Mr. Lucas has made a very good one, slightly but sufficiently annotated, and destitute of no equipment of importance, except what one cannot but think rather a serious one—a table of contents. There seems to have grown up of late years a kind of idea that if you give a table of first lines (which is here) and perhaps an index of authors (which is here also), "contents" are superfluous. Now, they most certainly are not. The index has been a kind of fetish for some time. But no index will supply the want of a table of contents, and a good table of contents can almost be made to supply the want of an index. The book, one may hope, is sure to be reprinted, and this want can then be supplied.

Meanwhile, the knowing ones have a most convenient and agreeable treasury of old favourites brought together, from scores of scattered volumes, under hand and eye for reperusal; and those who are not yet knowing, have a better chance than they have ever had before to know. Knowledge, perhaps, is not any longer power; it was only that when comparatively few people had it. But at least knowledge of this kind is still, and must always be, pleasure. Has any writer of sophisticated modern fairy-stories ever imagined the gift of forgetting, and recovering possession of what was forgot, at pleasure? It would be rather a fearful joy, but an extraordinarily keen one; and something distantly approaching it is provided by any good collection of this sort. You have read a passage ten, twenty, thirty, or even more years ago, and it has been, if not obliterated, overlaid and hidden in your mind by the decades of superincumbent reading. Mr. Lucas and his fellows, like good Archimagos, shake off the superincumbence for you. And to others, who have never known, they give a fresher if not perhaps a keener satisfaction. One rather envies any one who sits down and reads (not necessarily at a stretch, but for the first time) from "Bele Erembors" and "Cointe et jolie" to "À la très chere, à la très belle" and "Dans le vieux parc solitaire et glacé," passing by the way, but not missing, "Le Temps à laissié son manteau" and "Dictes moy où, n'on quel pays" and "Un doulx nenny avec un doulx soubzrire," and "Quand vous serez bien vieille" and the "Vanneur" and "Rozette" and "Uranie" and "Job" and all the old famous things before the nineteenth century, besides the grand harvest of that century itself. Free to any one to hunt for "great thoughts" or for anything else they like! Those who only care for poetry will certainly not find it far to seek in the chain of singers that stretches from Audefroy le Bastard to Verlaine.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

* "The Oxford Book of French Verse (XIII to XIX Century)." Chosen by St. John Lucas. 6s. net. (Oxford: At the Clarendon Press, 1907.)

LIFE IN THE HOMERIC AGE.*

The Homeric question is in a lively condition. To understand the two most recent works in English on this old mystery—"Life in the Homeric Age," by Professor Seymour of Yale, and "The Rise of the Greek Epic," lectures in part delivered at Harvard by Mr. Gilbert Murray—we must remember the origin of the controversy. It began at the end of the eighteenth century, when Wolf published his famous "Prolegomena." Wolf's difficulty was, why, in such an age as he supposed that of the original poet to have been, should any man have composed so long an epic as the Iliad? "How could he launch such a ship," that is, how could he find an audience? Again, how could poems of so early a period be preserved without writing? These things were impossible, in Wolf's opinion, and, as far as he came to any conclusion, it was that some old bard began the web, and wove most of it, while, throughout the ages, later bards interwove additions, no longer to be exactly distinguished from the original tissue. The floating fragments were rescued from oral tradition, and compiled into a written epic, under Pisistratus of Athens, say about 550 B.C. The discrepancies and inconsistencies in the narrative proved that it was by various hands. Wolf admitted that they did not trouble him when he read Homer for pleasure, so that they are really negligible, as Homer only sang for the pleasure of his hearers, not for modern professors.

In Wolf's day nobody knew that writing had existed in the Ægean, notably in Crete, for some twenty centuries before our era. Nobody knew that a thin layer of earth concealed, in Crete and Greece, the rich pre-Homeric material relics of a European civilisation, in touch with Asia and Egypt, but with an admirable art and a system of writing all its own. Nobody knew of the palaces of Mycenæ, Tiryns, Knossos, and so on, wherein the warriors and ladies could provide a poet with a sufficient and permanent audience. Moreover, nobody knew that the weapons, chariots, and armour of the latest period of this "Ægean" civilisation very closely corresponded to those described by Homer, while the Homeric costume and mode of burial (by cremating the body and placing the ashes under a great cairn) differ from the dress and "shaft-graves" of the late Ægean culture, and, in Homer, the iron age has begun, for tools, though not for weapons—these, as in the Ægean civilisation, were of bronze. All these facts, unknown to Wolf, we owe to Dr. Schliemann, and in even greater measure to the excavations of Mr. Arthur Evans and others in Crete and the Ægean lands. Wolf's ideas were eagerly adopted, and modified, by learned Germans. They took Protean shapes, but they all reposed on the presumed absence of writing, the presumed lack of an audience for a long poem, and the supposed inconsistencies in the poetic narratives, of which no one poet, it was said, could be guilty. Nobody ever answered the proofs, by Colonel Muir of Caldwell, that all long fictitious narratives, by Virgil, by Scott, by Thackeray, by any one, were just as rich in discrepancies as the Iliad, though, in each case, the books were the work of a single hand. Wolf's presumptions were taken as a basis of fact, and, if Homer did not satisfy the modern "analytic reader" (whose existence he could not foresee), it was taken to be certain that Homer was a syndicate of long existence, his epic a compilation, or mosaic, of the work of many ages.

The chief English exponent of these ideas is Mr. Walter Leaf, in his admirable edition of the Iliad. He distinguishes many "strata" of different ages in Homer, as in an unburied ancient city; he marks differences in grammar, style, tone, morality, religion, manners, houses, geographical knowledge, arms, and armour. He shows, from the unburied remains of art and armour, that the old "Ægean" warriors went to battle in loin-cloths only, protected by an enormous shield, while the breast-plates, greaves, and other pieces of bronze body armour, common in Homer, were introduced by much later poets, the Ionians in Asia, about 800-700 B.C.

Apollo Belvedere.
From "Life in the Homeric Age."

Professor Seymour's new contribution to the problem is a book of 700 pages on the picture of life in all its departments, given in the poems as they stand. He finds scarcely any, if any, evidence from excavated relics of antiquity to prove even that the Odyssey is later than the Iliad, or that any portion of the Iliad is older than any other portion. He denies the critical position that there was one original poet, maker of a brief narrative, followed by others who "archaised"—that is, followed the first poet studiously in descriptions of all the facts of life; who, for example, though they lived in an age of iron weapons, deliberately made their heroes wear weapons of bronze. He shows that poets, and all artists of uncritical ages, always describe the details of life as they see them, and never, as we do, hunt for the "local colour" of the past. Consequently, as the picture of life in Homer is uniform, the epics are of a single age, and they are stamped with the impress of "one great personality." Homer omits no fact of life because he knows that, though familiar to himself, it did not exist in the remote age of his heroes. Thus Professor Seymour appears to be a Homeric Unionist, not a Separatist, though, if I understand him, he holds the poet to have embodied in his narrative whole blocks of pre-existent verses, interpolations earlier than the text. Professor Seymour does not discuss the supposed proofs that the poems contain different strata of grammar, older and later. Not much would be proved if it were so, for the original language would be modified, in the course of transmission, recitation, and frequent recopying. Moreover, whereas the Ninth Book

* "Life in the Homeric Age." By Thomas Daly Seymour. (Macmillan.) "Rise of the Greek Epic." By Gilbert Murray, M.A., LL.D. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

of the Iliad is said to be full of later grammatical forms, the Eighth Book, which must be as late as the Ninth, or even later, is destitute of these neologisms.

Professor Seymour's book is a valuable and useful work based on his own close study of the epics, and it may be used as a lexicon of Homeric life and society. From locks and keys to laws, it is a compendium of the whole existence of Homer's age. The epics themselves are clearly of the latest period of Mr. Evans's "Late Minoan III." period.

Mr. Gilbert Murray's work, cast in the form of lectures—to "a mixed audience," obviously—has all his high qualities of eloquence and cultivated taste, while he deliberately, and wisely, gives play to constructive imagination. He touches on archæology, anthropology, and what may be called the comparative science of early literatures. He describes the long Greek struggle to "shake off the beast" and the savage; I do not feel certain that the Greeks were so successful in abolishing human sacrifice (not mentioned by Homer) as Mr. Murray tries to prove. He draws a picture almost too picturesque (pp. 50-53) of the Ægean world in the age of the great migrations—

> "A wolf age, a war age,
> An axe age, a spear age;"

but, if I understand him, he thinks this period, and the migration to Asia, prior to the composition of the epics. Homer himself makes no allusion to this time of folk-wandering; to him, for example, Miletus is still an old-world Carian, not a new Ionian, state. Mr. Murray's excursions into the realm of totems and tabous, exogamy, and so forth, I have elsewhere criticised in *Man* (January, 1908). Here I can only advise the reader to remember that these passages are (in my opinion) rather too imaginative and, in the words of the Babou barrister, "do not hold water, at least, not good water."

Mr. Murray is a Separatist. He believes in a prehistoric personage who kept a note-book, or record, in cryptic characters, on expensive materials (what materials could these be?), full of lays, and charms, and miscellaneous memoranda. The lays were deciphered, expurgated, expanded, in succeeding generations, were brought up to date, polished, popularised, imitated; and at an unknown period, an unknown poet, for unknown purposes, laid hands on the materials, "took up his part of composing this long poem," the Iliad, "diligently and reverently, and with a good deal of simple cunning." Nobody can guess why he did all this, or how so much of the materials chanced to be concerned with a single brief moment in the vast mass of pre-existing lays and sagas. The simple cunning of our unknown benefactor "put the contradictory passages far apart, altered a word or two to make the inconsistencies less visible." All this was "gentle and lowly service." Now, as for the contradictions, the most violent of all was, I think, a discovery of the banker-scholar, Mr. Grote. Till his time, it had escaped the readers of ancient Greece, of the Renaissance, and of the modern world. It is, in fact, so far from being a contradiction, that Mr. Monro, the greatest of British Homeric critics, said, in a letter to myself, that, without the facts alleged to be contradictory, he could hardly see how a poem on the Wrath of Achilles could exist. But the gentle and lowly poet of Mr. Murray, with his simple cunning, spotted the discrepancy, like Mr. Grote, and put one discordant passage in Book IX., the other in Book XVI. "They will never notice it," he said, like Fielding when a weak place is his new play was pointed out to him by the actors. On the first night the public hooted at this point. "D—n them, they *have* found it out," said Harry Fielding. But nobody found out the simple cunning of Mr. Murray's gentle and lowly impostor before Mr. Grote, I think; though the Germans do claim priority of discovery for one of themselves. The discovery was a mare's nest!

I cannot profess belief in any part of Mr. Murray's theory, nor in his idea that plenty of poets, in many ages, could keep on the sublime Homeric level. Mr. Murray accepts the doctrines of Reichel, or perhaps rather of Robert, as to the late introduction of body armour into the epics. But as long ago as 1903, Professor Halbherr published a Cretan seal impression which shows an Ægean warrior in full body armour. As an eminent Greek scholar (a professor, no less) said when I showed him a copy of this work of art, "He's got 'em on!" The argument about armour thus vanishes.

Mr. Murray's book is full of varied interests, and "suffers itself to be read" with ease and pleasure. His passages of translation, in prose, from Æschylus (pp. 248, 249) make one eager to receive from him a possession for ever, a complete prose translation of this great poet. In verse, as Mr. Matthew Arnold truly said, the original work "is no longer recognisable." But the Separatist theory of the origin of the epics is really *vieux jeu*; they are beginning, like Blass, Comparetti, and others, to find it out in Germany and Italy; in England it has always been a sickly exotic. The last ditch in which the theory will die (for archæology has betrayed it) is the linguistic ditch—the evidence for various strata of grammar. But lecturing to an audience not wholly male and academic (as I suppose), Mr. Murray has not entered on the linguistic theme, on which the last word is still to be spoken. Nobody who cares for Homer can willingly be without the books of Professor Seymour and Mr. Murray.

A. LANG.

THE PRACTICE OF INSTRUCTION.*

The writers of books on methods of instruction no longer ape the philosophers who took all knowledge to their province. The change has come about partly from the general broadening of view in what is known by the clumsy name *pedagogics*, and partly from the fact that it is being gradually admitted that secondary teachers need training nearly as much as do those who are labelled elementary. Among secondary teachers it has been very generally held that a knowledge of the subject to be taught is of the first importance, and that method is of little consequence. In this volume, method and subject are placed in their true relations. The general problems of method are treated by the editor, himself a master in his art; while the teaching of each of the subjects is entrusted to a specialist. The work is therefore of an essentially technical character, and the detailed treatment of the special subjects can have little interest for the general reader, admirable as that treatment is. The first part of the book, however, should appeal to a wide circle of readers. Professor Adamson deals with matters of such general interest as curricula and school organisation. We hear so much in a vague way about the superiority of the German schools, that it is well now and again to come to grips with what are the actual facts. These are carefully set out here and examined with great fairness. There is a gratifying absence of rhetoric in the treatment of matters that too frequently lead to more or less heated argument. It would be an admirable arrangement if it could be decreed that no one should be allowed to write a letter to the newspapers about our school curriculum till he had read the first part of this book. A striking characteristic of the work is the care with which it has been brought up to date. In most contributions to this subject we have to be content with the state of affairs a few years before the date of publication. Here we have references to what is going on at the present moment, both at home and abroad. A certain complaint of "modernity" may, indeed, be brought against the book by teachers of a conservative tendency. They may object to the chapter on "Experimental Pedagogy." It has been common to restrict the matter to be laid before students to what has been established and generally accepted; while here we have all manner of problems

* "The Practice of Instruction." Edited by John William Adamson, B.A. 4s. 6d. (National Society's Depository, London.)

suggested without any authoritative solution. So far from being a disadvantage, surely this mode of presentation is a positive gain for the student. The charge against the teacher has always been that he is dogmatic, self-satisfied, and inaccessible to new ideas. What better corrective than to show the young teacher how many points in his profession are still open for discussion? After reading of the work of Rein, Dewey, Meumann, Messmer, and Lay, the intelligent teacher will find small temptation to rest on his oars. The book ought to appeal to Mr. H. G. Wells, as it embodies many of his views on the relation between the professor and the text-book. Professor Adamson is to be congratulated on having made an important and most helpful contribution to the literature of his subject.

JOHN ADAMS.

REMBRANDT LITERATURE.*

A hundred years ago the great Dutch painter was still wrapped in the oblivion—it is scarce too strong a word—into which, after a season of almost unparalleled popularity, he fell towards the close of his life. It was not until the middle of last century that Amsterdam erected the monument in the Rembrandt-Plein. If Edouard Kolloff had lifed the veil a little in 1845, it was left to the painter's compatriots, Dr. Scheltema and particularly the eager and patriotic Carel Vosmaer, to pull it well aside. The slender and not always trustworthy story told by Rembrandt's contemporaries had been fancifully puffed out by others who associated with them, and in the pages of later writers it became a myth. To restore the truth from the original authorities and to add the fruits of fresh research was the task which Vosmaer set himself, and innumerable writers have assisted in it since. On the side of technical criticism Dr. Bredius and Dr. Hofstede de Groot, on that of biographical investigation they and Mr. de Roever, Mr. Busken-Huet, and the contributors especially to "Oud-Holland," were the most conspicuous workers, and the results of their labours were gathered up in the "Urkunden über Rembrandt" (1906) under Dr. de Groot's admirable editorship. Since then have appeared other estimates of the painter, such as those of the veteran Mr. Joseph Israels and of Mr. Schmidt-Degener; and more notably the volume by Dr. Jan Veth, which many consider the most acute appreciation of Rembrandt's work ever pubilshed. The piety of two generations of his countrymen has thus more than made up for the earlier neglect; and to the illustrious monument they have erected, busy hands in other countries have added. The subtle and sensitive pages of Fromentin can never be overlooked. M. Emile Michel, more than any other perhaps, has gained for the artist general knowledge in the world. There is also the great undertaking of Dr. Bode, assisted by Dr. de Groot and M. Sadelmeyer, now successfully brought to a close; and two countrymen of his, Mr. Carl Neumann and Mr. Valentiner, seem to show the direction which criticism must take in the future. The English contribution is far from inconsiderable; but it has confined itself chiefly to the etchings, which, never being challenged in their supremacy or losing the favour of the amateur, always kept Rembrandt's fame aloft. The catalogue of Wilson dates back as far as 1835 (the year of Smith's), and it is instructive to find in it so just an appreciation of the master's art side by side with a conception of his life and character so erroneous and unsympathetic. His name, and those of Hamerton, Seymour-Haden, Middleton-Wake (and we might add Burnet in another field), range themselves with Bartsch, Charles Blanc, and Rovinski.

We have rapidly reviewed this vast literature in introducing Mr. Baldwin Brown's book because no work for the English reader hitherto has incorporated its results, and the value of any that appears now must greatly depend on the advantage which it takes of them. This is certainly the case as regards biography. In the life of Rembrandt many things still remain hid; but there are others, on the contrary, which are now fully revealed, and the repetition of ancient errors concerning these would be unpardonable. Mr. Baldwin Brown shows himself in the biographical section of his book to have been a careful student of the "Urkunden." We have noted few errors as we read it. The documents are not quite clear about the miller's family, but there was certainly another daughter besides Lijsbeth, Machtelt. In regard to some matters, where the evidence leaves a choice of opinion, we do not always find ourselves in agreement with the author's. The dealer Francen, he says, stood by Rembrandt to the last, and should have the credit which is so often erroneously given to the fastidious Jan Six. The reproach of Six is possibly as well founded as the recognition of Francen, but it seems scarcely fair to cite Margaretha Tulp's portrait by Govert Flinck in support of it. Again, we find no corroboration, as Mr. Brown does, of Baldinucci's statement that Rembrandt professed the religion of the Mennonites. If that had been so, would he have been summoned with Hendrickje before the Kirk Session? It may be, of course, that it set no bounds to its authority. Rembrandt ignored the summons, so we may assume that he made no great profession of the established religion of the Calvinists. We follow the author's interesting argument that the doctrine of a personal relation between the divine and the mortal, expressed in the painter's work, was not one likely to be nurtured in Calvinistic surroundings. Such doctrine as he entertained was no doubt received from his mother: was she, then, no Calvinist, but a Mennonite? In any case, anything opposed to Calvinism which we find in the pictures can as easily be referred to the Remonstrants, or to one of a dozen other sects, or even to adhesion to no sect at all, as to those Baptists. Nor is it the case that among his portraits of clergymen, the Mennonite preachers are most numerous. Mr. Brown may have had in mind (but he does not refer to it, we think) that of one of them, Hans Alenson, as M. Michel or Mr. Moes surmises. But we feel quite sure that this was not Hans Alenson at all, but John Ellison, as the Colby sale catalogue stated. While, however, on such comparatively trivial points as these Mr. Brown may form judgments with which all cannot agree, his general reading of the evidence about the life will commend itself to every one who has studied it; and by marshalling it so clearly in the few pages he could spare for it, he has done a very considerable service.

Aiming, as he does, at a complete survey of the artist's work, Mr. Brown suffers throughout from congestion of space. This is less to be regretted in the case of the etchings, the literature on which is voluminous, than in that of the drawings, about which comparatively little has been written in this country. His section on these, however, is a useful introduction for the English reader to the selections of Lippmann, de Groot, and others, and a discriminating guide, so far as it goes, to the special qualities of Rembrandt exhibited in his drawings. In the two chapters forming a kind of *catalogue raisonné* of the paintings, the same reader is brought in touch with the scholarship of German and Dutch experts. Mr. Brown's independent judgments about them strike us as entirely reasonable. Most students will agree with him, for example, that Rembrandt's art after 1642 does not reflect the confusion of his material fortunes. They will also understand his remark, at the first blush more than a little startling, that his activity as an artist is marked by a certain amateurishness. Rembrandt never was professional in the sense of taking the line of least resistance. The admirers of some modern masters, on the other hand, will resent the author's dictum that his modelling plastically in the thick impasto, while interesting and characteristic, was not oil-painting. About the relative achievement in the paintings probably no two persons ever exactly agree. In singling out for

* "Rembrandt: A Study of His Life and Work." By G. Baldwin Brown, M.A. 7s. 6d. net. (Duckworth & Co.)

special description, among others, such works as "The Labourers in the Vineyard" and "The Return of the Prodigal" at St. Petersburg, the Cassel "Jacob Blessing," the Brunswick family portrait, Mr. Brown extends our acquaintance with less-known masterpieces. He has produced a work, in a word, that is thorough and sound, and our only fault with it is that it leaves us a little cold. This is certainly not the result of lack of sympathy; it is more probably due to the restrictions of space. His analysis of the master's art is in most respects admirable, but somehow he fails to convey to us magically the sense of its greatness.

A BOOK OF ROGUES.*

Professor Chandler's two volumes form an admirable addition to Professor W. A. Neilson's recently begun series of works on "The Types of English Literature." The author has, apparently, read every work in which a rogue appears, from "La Vida de Lazarillo de Tormes" to "Sherlock Holmes"; he discusses the foreign sources of English picaresque work; deals with early jest-books and popular tales, conny-catching pamphlets, beggar-books and prison tracts; devotes much space to the pirate, the highwayman, and the criminal of all species, among whom Jonathan Wild of blessed memory surely reigns supreme; traces the rogue through Elizabethan literature, dramatic and otherwise, doing full justice to that most entertaining of pages, Jack Wilton; follows the trail of the rascal through Smollett and Defoe to Mayhew and Thackeray and "Lavengro"; and ends with a section or two on Gypsydom, Boy Life and Convict Life, the author of "Silver Blaze" (surely Conan Doyle's best short story) bringing up the rear. The first thought on closing these two volumes is that Mr. Chandler must be of the happiest of men to have lived for years in the company of the most entertaining of man-and woman-kind; and the second thought is one of gratitude for a summary of his reading—a summary that opens out many a pleasant vista down which, if the gods be good and the reader prefer Becky Sharp to Laura Pendennis, it may yet be possible to wander, before the shades of night fall. One of the greatest tragedies in a man's life is when he ceases to be a boy, and this tragedy is, happily, not altogether within the power of the controlling years to compass. It can never happen so long as he is able to prefer "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn" to "Eric," so long as the "Adventures of François" appeal to him more than do the self-righteous moralisings of Mr. Wiseman and Mr. Attentive, so long as Bevis (though no rogue) may be reckoned among the company of his friends. And it is the spirit of "the eternal boy" that gives to the literature of roguery its charm.

Beyond a wish that Professor Chandler had made use of the records of State Trials, by way of connecting link between the rogues of real life and the rogues of fiction, we have little to suggest; his bibliographies, if not exhaustive, are very good, and they will be of infinite use, not only to the casual reader, but also to the literary student.

A. R. W.

From the painting by John Patoun, painted in 1746, in the National Portrait Gallery.

James Thomson.

THE NATURE-POET OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

This is a very valuable and scholarly study of perhaps the most curious phenomenon in the English literature of the eighteenth century. Far less important than Pope from a purely literary point of view, James Thomson, this "bard more fat than bard beseems," wandering about his garden and eating the sunny side off the peaches, with his hands in his pockets — this poet of "The Castle of Indolence" who attempted in a pathetically stilted tongue to introduce his bewigged and powdered age to Nature—has yet a human interest all his own.

It is hardly possible for any one but the literary student to read James Thomson at the present day unless he can do so from the standpoint of this human interest. As poetry his works have no meaning to the present age; and, it may be added with confidence, they will have no meaning for any future age. Their style is absolutely vicious—so vicious that from an artistic point of view one might as well be reading the literary work of a quite illiterate man. The effect of both is the same: the extremes meet in sudden absurdity. Anything more comical than some of Thomson's Miltonic periods it would be impossible to conceive, unless it were a poem composed by Joe Gargery; and indeed we are not sure that Joe Gargery's recorded lines have not the advantage of Thomson in many ways, unconsciously humorous as they are.

Can anything move the gods with such deep diversion as that "psychological" investigation of the mind of Damon in Thomson's "Summer"? It will be remembered

* "The Literature of Roguery." By Prof. F. W. Chandler. 2 vols. 12*s*. net. (A. Constable & Co.)

* "James Thomson." By G. C. Macaulay. ("English Men of Letters.") 2*s*. net. (Macmillan.)

that young Damon sat where the rambling dale runs out into pleasing solitudes. He was "pensive," of course, and pierced moreover with love's "delightful pangs." And lo! his Musidora—such was the lady's euphonious name—sought that same cool retreat:

"Robed in loose array, she came to bathe
Her fervent limbs in the refreshing stream.
WHAT SHALL HE DO? In sweet confusion lost,
And dubious flutterings, he awhile remained.
A PURE INGENUOUS ELEGANCE OF SOUL,
A DELICATE REFINEMENT KNOWN TO FEW,
Perplexed his breast and urged him to retire;
But love forbade. Ye prudes in virtue, say,
Say, ye severest, WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE?"

This is a kind of unconscious humour that is not lacking in a certain degree even in "Paradise Lost," and certainly is very much present in Thomson's contemporaries, as in Riccaltoun, whose poem, "A Winter's Day," helped to inspire Thomson. It opens thus:

"Now gloomy soul! LOOK OUT—*now comes thy turn.*"

Perhaps we grow unduly flippant, and indeed the temptation is a strong one when we consider the difficulty of reconciling such passages with any self-respecting modern ideal of poetry. Yet—and now we must turn to the standpoint of the literary student—Thomson has great merits, and he deserves his cosy little nook half-way up Parnassus. The first of these merits is his broad sincerity and truth. His lady's limbs were, no doubt, and in fact we feel sure they were, "fervent." Whether the word is happy artistically, is another matter. Mr. Swinburne could use the word and make it sound at once classical and English. When Thomson uses it, we somehow feel that we must mentally translate it. But if we are content to tolerate that poignant school-boyish feeling for a few pages, we begin almost to relish the process, with something of the same pleasure as that which Stevenson cunningly and consciously provoked when he put the story of "The Master of Ballantrae" into the pedantic but truthful mouth of Ephraim Mackellar. There is hardly a descriptive passage in Thomson which is not capable of giving the reader some degree of that pleasure which comes from recognition of one's own fleeting thoughts or observations, however slight, permanently recorded by the mind of another. In speaking of the sculptures of Greece, for instance, he makes remarks which are more suited to a book on anatomy than to a poem, yet there certainly is a pleasure to be derived from his quaintly truthful observations:

"The well-known Hero, who delivered Greece,
His ample chest, all tempested with force
Unconquerable reared. She saw the head,
Breathing the hero, small, of Grecian size,
Scarce more extensive than the sinewy neck;
The spreading shoulders, muscular and broad;
The whole a mass of swelling sinews, touched
Into harmonious shape."

There is something finer in his description of the two gladiators, a description which may be compared—greatly to its own disadvantage, no doubt—with that of Byron; yet it is not impossible that something of the retributory thunder in the atmosphere of the later and far finer work was gathered from Thomson's heavy cloud of incumbent words:

"Rushed impetuous forth
The gladiator: pitiless his look,
And each keen sinew braced, the storm of war,
Ruffling, o'er all his nervous body frowns.
The dying other from the gloom she drew;
Supported on his shortened arm he leans
Prone, agonising; with incumbent fate
Heavy declines his head; yet dark beneath
The suffering feature sullen vengeance lours,
Shame, indignation, unaccomplished rage,
And still the cheated eye expects his fall."

Mr. Macaulay points out the debt of other poets to Thomson, and, among them, notably Gray. "The Castle of Indolence" was very certainly not without influence, we may add, on Keats, and even on Tennyson—in "The Lotus Eaters":

"Full in the passage of the vale above
A sable, silent, solemn forest stood,
Where nought but shadowy forms was seen to move,
As Idless fancied in her dreaming mood;
And up the hills, on either side, a wood
Of blackening pines, aye waving to and fro,
Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood;
And where this valley winded out, below,
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard, to flow.

"*A pleasing land of drowsy heat it was,*
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round a summer sky."

The philosophical musings which follow undoubtedly suggested much in Tennyson's far finer poem. Man is portrayed by Thomson as pushing the load of life uphill; but when he thinks that he has almost gained the summit,

"Down thunders back the stone with mighty sweep."

It is the most vain of vanities, in other words,

"To toil for what you here untoiling may obtain";

or in Tennyson's exquisite words, to be

"For ever climbing up the climbing wave."

Other passages in Thomson's diffuse and badly constructed poem had some influence on "The Palace of Art" and the opening of "The Vision of Sin."

But we must agree with Mr. Macaulay in his verdict that, after all, Thomson's finest work is to be found in "The Seasons." His chief merits are, as we have suggested, those of keen observation, his alertness to sights and sounds and fragrances, to atmospheric effects and especially to colours: and it was in "The Seasons" that he was best able to exercise his gifts. We get nothing, it is true, of that "consecration" and "gleam" which we are learning to regard nowadays as the first essential of great art; but we do get the broad sincerity and truth of draughtsmanship manifested in such lines as:

"The yellow wall-flower, stained with iron-brown,"

or these (for after all, it is to the super-added human interest we must return if we are to read Thomson, and we must not part with our good eighteenth-century poet of nature, our truthful old Ephraim Mackellar, without a smile):

"But chief to heedless flies the window proves
A constant death; where, gloomily retired,
The villain spider lives, cunning and fierce,
Mixture abhorred! Amid a mangled heap
Of carcasses, in eager watch he sits,
O'erlooking all his waving snares around.
Near the dire cell the dreadless wanderer oft
Passes; as oft the ruffian shows his front.
The prey at last ensnared, he dreadful darts,
With rapid glide, along the leaning line;
And, fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs,
Strikes backward, grimly pleased; the fluttering wing
And shriller sound, declare extreme distress
And ask the helping hospitable hand."

Hard indeed would be the heart of him who would deny to the amiable old peach-eating poet of that passage his easily won nook half-way up the slopes of Parnassus! And did he not—probably after swallowing a peach-stone—arise on the tip of his toes and sing the most famous of all English lyrics, "Rule, Britannia"? That is, at any rate, as satisfactory an account of the authorship of our national war-cry as any other.

ALFRED NOYES.

AUSTERE ART.*

This is a book of rare distinction. Its illustrations alone would make it that. Mr. Muirhead Bone has leapt, at a bound, to a place among our foremost draughtsmen, and for an artist of his pre-eminence to expend his gift handsomely upon a piece of fiction as he does here is so unusual that we have to go back half a century almost to find a parallel case. Admirable as his drawings are, however, they are not more so than Mrs. Gertrude Bone's text. Together and equally they make up a book that is stamped with distinction, as we have said.

The story tells how an old man refound the happiness of youth in his grandchildren, and lost it again. Jacob Pyrah is a small farmer, poor, grey, weatherworn. Tamar, his only child, had kept house for him for a few years after his wife's death, until she married a sailor and went off to a neighbouring seaport. Now this daughter returns, deserted by her husband, bringing with her two little lads, Robert and the Baby. She had passed, quietly, almost out of her father's life, leaving him alone; and now her coming back, like her going, is accepted by both with the patient surrender to fortune of those established in poverty.

"'Well!' returned Jacob, looking at her and the children with the same deliberation, 'I can do wi' you.'

"The woman gave a nod of acquiescence."

With the spring of the children's presence the sap mounts again in the old heart; while the old life goes on the same—that is, fixed in an ordained course, which the author conceives less as a tragic fate than as a destiny to be accepted with the undemonstrative suffering of her characters. And indeed it is because she realises the very dregs of their lot that she is able to isolate her people, to detach them from its commonness, and dignify them by association with imperishable realities; as it is always through the material that the spiritual is to be attained. It is not a joyous story; it is sad and pitiful; but by an austere elevation in the telling of it, which she rarely fails to sustain, the author lifts it above gross pathos.

This effect—for hers is the sincerity of art—is largely got by a fine use of a landscape background. Here again we find the specific results of observation and knowledge subordinated to, yet enriching and dignifying, impressions of nature, and these impressions in turn catching up and enveloping in appropriate emotional atmosphere the human figures in the story. A good example is found in the description of the night on which is first introduced to us Ellen Budd, one of the associate characters who make their appearances artlessly, almost inconsequently, but with an effect that recalls Russian fiction.

"The woman and child disappeared behind the trees. A gate slammed, and Jacob turned his head from watching them, looking to right and left tranquilly at the crops or cattle in the fields as they passed. A line of wild ducks rose from the river which flowed through the plain, dividing two counties. The old man turned, pointing them out to Robert with his whip-handle, but the child had curled up against a bundle of sacks in the corner of the cart, and was fast asleep. Jacob reined in the pony, and fumbling under the seat, pulled out a threadbare horse-rug and laid it carefully over the boy, then he lit the lamp, stretched himself, yawned, and resumed his journey.

"The sky overhead was dark but clear, and blossomed with stars; only on the left hand, where the clouds hung over the distant sea, one or two faint points of light struggled like pioneers exploring into darkness. The moon, just risen and low on the horizon, poised for a moment in a gap of the clouds, red and stormy like a lurid sun-setting, or as if in the heart of a crystal. On either side of the low-lying lanes stretched the fields of ripening hay, swaying and impassable as the sea, with trees grown spectral and of great bulk in the twilight, until in the silence and windlessness of the flat plain the cart seemed to be actually treading the floor of a great sea, in a vague silence searched by ripples of sinister light and unfamiliar sound, its lamp whitening the spiky hedgerows and discovering a passage for itself between avenues of giant seaweed and clinging submarine foliage."

"Shap, his coat greyer than ever, lay stretched asleep."

(Reproduced from "Children's Children," by kind permission of Messrs. Duckworth & Co.)

Mr. Bone, in his landscape drawings, of which there are many, does not make the mistake of attempting to comment on description of this quiet intensity. Beautiful in themselves, they are scarce indirectly relevant to the text: he is content if they do not contradict its spirit. But there are others, directly illustrative of the story, in which his summary and significant line matches the austere beauty of the author's art.

* "Children's Children." By Gertrude Bone. With drawings by Muirhead Bone. 25s. and 6s. (Duckworth & Co.)

Novel Notes.

SCARS. By Christopher Stone. 6s. (William Heinemann.)

Apart from the Eton and Oxford scenes, which are not overdone, the fascination of this story lies in four or five young people, two brothers, Reggie and Hilary, their youngest sister Betty, a bright hamadryad, her lover, Raymond Easter, and Jim Boyle, an Oxford man. Mr. Stone has written a clever story about their love-affairs, but the hinge of the plot is a hereditary development of bestial ferocity in poor Reggie. He inherits a large fortune from a neighbouring squire, goes to Oxford, but on his

twenty-first birthday learns the horrid secret of his father from papers left to be opened on that day. The author has managed this part of the tale with some restraint. The grim element does not become overpowering, but it leads to some dramatic episodes. There is a good deal of capital by-play in the book, especially in the shape of cricket, flirtation, and thought-reading; Mr. Stone has evidently enjoyed this more than the task of rounding off his book smoothly. The Oxford life which he sketches has more to do with Amaryllis in the shade than with the Bodleian, but this will be rather a recommendation than otherwise to most of his readers.

THE IVORY GOD, and Other Stories. By J. S. Fletcher. 6s. (John Murray.)

This collection of short stories is, like many others of its class, named after a story which is by no means its strongest number. The reader should begin with "Sergeant Murphy's Waterloo," and he will feel more arrested. Several of the stories are weird, others are playful or sentimental, while one or two at the close remind one of "Daniel Quayne." The grave-digger in "Family Pride" is one of Mr. Fletcher's capital figures. He objects strongly to the Funeral Reform proposals. "Theer's our parson now—he's all for what they call this Burial Reform—'od rabbit 'em, I don't know what they weern't reform next if they get t' chance—an' he says 'at t' owd style's all wrong, an' 'at fewnerals should be simplified, as he calls it. Says theer didn't owt to be shells and coffins and them theer, an' no ornymentation—no brass han'nles, no nowt. I niver heerd sich fond talk i' mi' life. . . . But I will tell ye one thing—I know what owd Mestur Jacob Tonki'son 'ud say if he wor carried to Abraham's bosom i' a clothes basket. It 'ud be a poor job for Abraham when t' owd lad wor 'livered to him—tak' a bit of noatice!"

NEPENTHES. By Florence Hayllar. 6s. (William Blackwood & Sons.)

A Hindu lady, wealthy and beautiful, is the only survivor of a wreck, and she seeks shelter in the house of Hugh Fellowes, who belongs to a band of nefarious wreckers. The story of her experiences and adventures in this household is narrated by Hugh's younger brother Robert, a quiet and studious poet. Hugh is a wild, rascally squire, who drives his wife demented, and plots to secure the Hindu lady's chest of jewels. How he is foiled is the plot of the tale. It is told with a pleasant combination of reflective analytic power and exciting melodrama. The various women are all well drawn, from Rose to Polly. There is a love-thread running through the chapters—indeed there are two of them, although poor Mr. Bindley's passion for Nepenthes comes to an untimely end. The term "Nepenthes" is given to the stranger on account of the mesmeric power which she mercifully exercises over the mother and the child of Hugh. Lovers of the Odyssey will recollect its origin. Perhaps Miss Hayllar might have made a little more out of Polly; most readers would have been glad to see her more prominent in the story. But, apart from that, the novel is excellently conceived and written.

THE ONE FOUNDATION. A Novel. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Both in subject and in treatment "The One Foundation" reminds us at once and irresistibly of that great realistic novelist Mark Rutherford. It mirrors certain phases of the religious life of to-day as faithfully and as ably as Mark Rutherford has pictured the religious life of Early Victorian times, and with much the same severe simplicity and charm of style. The autocratic, intolerably ill-tempered Lady Burbage is an uncommonly clever character study; she spends most of her time in wandering about Italy and Switzerland, makes herself heartily disliked at all the hotels she patronises, and is only tolerant with her courier and her maid because she dare not lose them, but she atones to herself for this restraint by her treatment of her niece, Elinor Page. Elinor is an orphan, and Lady Burbage, a widow with no children, adopted her five years ago, and those five years have been a time of bondage, "almost of martyrdom." She is now twenty-seven, when, on a night during their stay at a Swiss hotel, Lady Burbage becomes so insulting and tyrannical, so wholly unbearable, that Elinor is resolved to leave her early next morning, return to England, and get an old school friend to give her house room until she can obtain some sort of situation. But the Rev. Mark Leverton offers her another way of escape. He, a handsome, intelligent young minister a few years older than herself, has been staying at the same hotel; they have seen much of each other and he is already in love with her; and learning of her decision persuades her to marry him and let him arrange her future for her. Leverton's character, again, is admirably drawn. Elinor travels alone to England next morning; he remains behind to explain matters to the aunt, and the scene in which he does so is handled skilfully and with excellent restraint. When they marry, Elinor does not love him and has no religion, and Mark is in no hurry to impose his views upon her. He is a Nonconformist minister in a growing manufacturing town; he works hard amongst the poor, and Elinor is soon working with him and sharing his sympathies, and it is his sincerity, his earnestness, the essential bigness of his personality that presently draws her to love him and to share his beliefs. But no sooner has this point been arrived at than, under the influence of Amyas Brede, a cousin of Elinor's, a brilliant, fascinating, entirely honest fellow, Mark becomes a Socialist and creates an immense sensation by adopting and expounding the doctrines of the "New Theology." His wife stands fast by the old faith to which he had brought her, and is nearly alienated from him; he grieves his friends and scandalises his followers, but soon has a new following, chiefly of young men, that is larger than the old. The story deals ably and forcibly with our latter-day return to Pantheism, and by a sudden turn that is not, perhaps, quite convincing, reaches a happy ending. It is a remarkable book; one of the very few novels of religious life that has claims to be judged as literature.

PROSE IDYLLS OF THE WEST RIDING. By Lady C. Milnes Gaskell. 6s. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

These studies and sketches of Yorkshire life show considerable force of pathos and tragic interest, although one or two of them are rather "oozy" with sentiment. The strangest pair are the last. The opening story is not the finest in the book. Like many other writers of short stories, Lady Milnes Gaskell seems unable to arrange her menu to the best advantage. But if the reader will take the book backwards, he will lay it down with a sincere appreciation of the quiet insight shown by the authoress into the wild habits of miners and others in the West Riding. "The Singer of a Summer's Night" is an excursion into the melodramatic which is less successful. Lady Gaskell is at her best in describing the inner passions of the people as she knows them, as the admirable tale of "A Wayside Sacrament" is enough to prove. She is to be congratulated upon the excellent level of interest which she has maintained. The philosophy of the book is summed up in one Yorkshire woman's remark: "When we're gettin' on we takes to sittin' by fire, mindin' childers, but 'tis grand to be young and unraisonable and hold to sunshine."

ANN: A Brief Tragedy. By the Author of "Miss Molly." (Ouseley.)

A considerable number of years have passed since we read "Miss Molly," but it is not a story easily to be forgotten. It holds its place in our recollection, when greater books have escaped us, by virtue of its spontaneity and the natural charm of its telling. The two short stories that make up this book show that the author has not lost her faculty of characterisation. Both are set in an atmosphere of gloom. The first is the story of a foundling, who grows up to sow

dissension in the house of her adoption. The father loves her more than he does his wife, and when other lovers seek the girl, his jealousy leads to murder which passes for an accident. The other story deals with the victim of an inherited passion for gambling. Three women love him—his mother, his wife, and one other; and it is the self-sacrifice of the last that opens his eyes to the love he bears his wife, and the cowardice of leaving her by suicide. The stories are rare psychological studies, and the endings are left for the reader's conjecture. There are signs of haste in the writing, but the stories are strong and convincing.

THE EXPLORER. By William Somerset Maugham. 6s. (Heinemann.)

This is a tale in which the central figure is one of the "strong, silent men" of fiction—who as a rule are somewhat tiresome fellows. They are strenuous, they have square-cut jaws, and they have a contempt for the "little street-bred people." These "strong, silent" gentlemen are generally portrayed by women or very young men, and Charlotte Brontë's Rochester is an early figure in the race. Alec Mackenzie is Mr. Maugham's hero, and Alec does great deeds in the way of suppressing slave-trading in some wild district that one reaches from Mombassa. Mr. Maugham is a skilled literary performer; but the melodramatic nature of this book gives one the impression that it may have been written when he was younger than he is now. Its construction is not sound, for one is led to believe that the central figure is to be one Fred Allerton, a broken man of position who embezzles money, and Allerton disappears altogether, the strenuous Mackenzie taking his place in the centre of the picture. Mackenzie loves Lucy, a daughter of the embezzler, and takes with him to Africa a brother of the girl. An important part of the plot has to do with a sortie in which Mackenzie, knowing that young Allerton is a coward and a useless person, gives him a place in which he is almost bound to meet his death. Covered with glory, Mackenzie returns to England, but the matter of his treatment of the brother is exposed by the *Daily Mail*. The whole thing is done with much zest; but one expects better material from the author of "A Man of Honour." As for the style, the affectation of simplicity is not absent, and in a touching pen-picture of a scene by the sea one finds this sentence, "A cow heavily whisked its tail." There is an epigram-spinning barrister who talks in this style, "American women amaze me. They buy their linen at Doucet's and read Herbert Spencer with avidity. And what's more, they seem to like him. An Englishwoman can seldom read a serious book without feeling a prig, and as soon as she feels a prig she leaves off her corsets." Before "The End" is reached one is very tired of this performer. Mackenzie is amusing—which is the last thing his creator intended him to be; Lucy is tediously introspective; and there is reality in a frolicsome American widow who leads the epigrammatic barrister into matrimony.

THE CRESTED SEAS. By James Brendan Connolly. 6s. (Duckworth.)

If you have read "Out of Gloucester," or "The Seiners," or "The Deep Sea's Toll," you will know what to expect of Mr. Connolly. No other living novelist has shown a closer or more wonderful intimacy with the sea in all its moods, nor with the hard, rough lives of the deep-sea fishermen. These thirteen short stories in "The Crested Seas" have a vividness of detail, a sharpness of outline, are presented with a simple and graphic realism that give them all the tone and colour and force of absolute truth. They are tales of life as it is lived off the bleak coasts of Newfoundland; tales of shipwreck, of smuggling, of adventure in fog and storm and in perilous, ice-bound waters; and the characterisation is so sure and good that always you are as much interested in the men who go through the adventure as you are in the adventure itself. Here and there you have a quiet touch of pathos, here and there, more often, something of raw, grim humour, and everywhere the ruggedness and savagery of elementary humanity for ever at war with one of the untamed and untamable forces of nature. If there are any stories in this kind that are truer or more hauntingly effective, one reviewer, at least, has never come across them.

THE BRASS BOWL. A Novel of Sensation. By Louis Joseph Vance. 6s. (E. Grant Richards.)

Mr. Vance is an honest man. He calls his novel one "of sensation," and sensational it is from first to last, in a crescendo of thrilling situations. Only, the interest of it lies deeper than mere adventure. The hinge of the plot is the extraordinary facial resemblance between a gentleman-burglar and a wealthy young American, whose treasures are to be spoiled. This young American also holds papers which compromise a financial man, whose daughter determines to steal them. All three, the two independent thieves and their victim, are flung together in a dramatic situation: love-complications arise, and a thoroughly exciting story then rushes on to its happy ending. The courtship over the telephone wires at the close is a trifle improbable. But otherwise there is no lack of vital passion or movement, and Mr. Vance has succeeded in investing his story with real psychological fascination. It is as engrossing a novel of its class as we have read for many a month, throbbing, like the motors which it describes, with the pulse of energy in criminals and their foes alike.

The Bookman's Table.

DISCOVERIES. A Volume of Essays. By William Butler Yeats. (Dundrum: Dun Emer Press.)

As a volume of short essays, Mr. Yeats's book is a small thing; a matter of forty odd pages, bound in pigeon's-breast blue and printed beautifully by Miss Elizabeth Yeats in a type that stands between author and reader because it is less clear than commonplace printing; written in a tiredly simple style which is akin to the speech of peasants—who, not shrinking, like modern educated men, from "the ancient and insoluble," can still talk simply and poetically—and different from their speech in premeditation and lack of energy. It is as "Discoveries" that the volume has so much significance, and there again, not as new discoveries—they are not new—but because they have been made by Mr. Yeats, who represents in our minds the visionary, the mystical, the remote. Has mysticism, then, something to do with ordinary people and the next street? Are poets men? Do they live our common life? We had almost forgotten it. They have held themselves so aloof; they have written so much which, to the struggler for existence, is only melodious twaddle or an anodyne. Yet listen to this—from Mr. Yeats!—

> "In literature, partly from lack of that spoken word which knits us to normal man, we have lost in personality, in our delight in the whole man—blood, imagination, intellect, running together—but have found a new delight, in essences, in states of mind, in pure imagination, in all that comes to us most easily in elaborate music."

Mr. Yeats has, it seems, been considering Villon and, in particular, Verlaine. While Verlaine was living, Mr. Yeats was interested in nothing but states of mind, lyrical moments, intellectual essences; without knowing it, he had come to care for nothing but impersonal beauty. Now, however, he finds it in himself to write:

> "What moves natural men in the arts is what moves them in life, and that is, intensity of personal life, intonations that show them in a book or play, the strength, the essential moment of a man who would be exciting in the market or at the dispensary door. They must go out of the theatre with the strength they live by strengthened with looking upon some passion that could, whatever its chosen way of life, strike down an enemy, fill a long stocking with money, or move a girl's heart. . . . Their legs will tire on the road if there is nothing in their hearts but vague sentiment; and though it is charming to have an affectionate feeling about flowers, that will not pull the cart out of

the ditch. An exciting person, whether the hero of a play or the maker of poems, will display the greatest volume of personal energy, and this energy must seem to come out of the body as out of the mind."

That is a discovery none the less worth making and expressing because it is scarcely new. Mr. Yeats has come out of the land of dreams. He has discovered life; he has, one might almost say, discovered mankind. Whether he means to make life and mankind into still another dream is not yet evident, and indeed does not greatly matter. That he has approached such a discovery by such a road as his is the hopeful sign. Literature is in danger of discovering that we possess bodies—healthy bodies, this time, with all the exuberance and the glory thereof. Literature is in very serious danger of re-discovering life.

MEMOIRS OF THE LATE DR. BARNARDO. By Mrs. Barnardo and James Marchant. With an Introduction by W. Robertson Nicoll. 12s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

As Dr. Nicoll says in the vivid and intimate character-sketch he gives of him in the introduction, "Dr. Barnardo was of the old school of philanthropists." He was able to conceive at the outset of his career the profound influence that might be exercised by the individuality of one man who was in earnest. "He flamed up into vehemence very easily. Love, pity, wrath, scorn manifested themselves in turn almost volcanically. These bursts soon subsided, but very readily recurred. . . . It was about the Homes and the children that he was always thinking, and when conversing on other themes one could sometimes see that 'his eyes were with his heart, and that was far away.' His shrewdness and humour came out plainly, but he was a man who had one aim in life." And these Memoirs by Mrs. Barnardo and Mr. James Marchant tell simply and plainly and in due detail by what courageous self-sacrifice, through what misunderstanding and obloquy, with what patient, strenuous labour, and with what a swelling tide of sympathy from the leading men of the day as well as from the public at large, he achieved that one aim, and did for the poor and outcast children of the nation what, without any question, the nation itself ought to have done for them. It is a noble, a profoundly interesting and an inspiring record. You have the whole of his story, from the time of his birth at Dublin, through the years in which he accepted religion, became a missionary medical student, started mission work in the East End of London, saw the swarm of half-naked youngsters sleeping on the roof of a house in a bleak night of winter, and was moved to establish the first of those Homes that have done a work whose immense national importance has not even yet, I think, been adequately realised by any of us. Neither slander, discouragement, nor broken health could turn him from his purpose. "There must be few indeed who have done the work given them more diligently, more bravely, or with a more simple heart;" and certainly no man living has done greater, more practical or more far-reaching service in the cause of humanity. Mrs. Barnardo and Mr. Marchant have performed a difficult task adequately; they have brought together all the facts and figures and left them to speak for themselves, and they speak most eloquently. The book is admirably illustrated with photographs of Dr. Barnardo, his family, his friends, and of the scenes amid which he lived and worked and died.

STRAY STANZAS. By Katherine Mann. (Maclehose.)

In this dainty little volume Miss Mann fully sustains the reputation she acquired by her earlier book of "Replies to Old Songs of the Elizabethans." We find in it the same qualities of metrical skill and woodland melody. The stanzas entitled "Lilac" are an example of Miss Mann's fresh and simple style, in which the art is well concealed.

To you this lilac white, that grew
Within my bower, I'm sending.
May it please,
And bear you of the sweets it knew
When, honey-rich, 'twas bending
To the bees;
And bring you of the breath it drew
When, fragrant, it was riding
On the breeze;
With something of the dawn-fresh dew
Its chaliced heart was hiding
'Neath the trees;
And from my own heart all that's true,
And all that is abiding—
Yours be these!

Much in the little volume is plainly of the nature of experiments in metre; but in the last section, called "Songs of Sadness," we detect the sincerity of emotion indispensable for the highest lyric note.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.

We envy the students of the Royal Naval College, Osborne, the little book of biographies which has been prepared for them by Mr. G. A. R. Callender for their frequent use. It is called **Sea Kings of Britain** (2s. 6d.), and it tells of five sea-giants—Hawkins, Drake, Howard, Grenville, and Blake, with many another hero which that period includes. Mr. Callender has had the good fortune and the good sense to draw freely upon Froude's thrilling descriptions, and we repeat the fine phrases and the telling words beneath our breath as we read, for the sheer pleasure of hearing again (in fancy) that kindling voice. But Mr. Callender has given us much good writing of his own also, and the "men" at Osborne are to be congratulated.

MESSRS. BLACKIE & SON.

There is only one man, probably, to whom **The Call of the Homeland** (4s. 6d. net), collected, selected, and arranged by R. P. Scott, LL.D., and K. T. Wallas, will not appeal. That man is the one who never to himself has said, "This is my own, my native land!" and his fate, as Sir Walter Scott has told us, is to go down "to the vile dust from whence he sprung, unwept, unhonoured, and unsung." "The Call of the Homeland" is an anthology to create a patriot out of a mere human being, and to stir a patriot already created. It contains inspiring songs of past, present, and future; songs of Britain and of Greater Britain; songs of sea and land, of home and afar, of country and of city. Undoubtedly the editors have made out of their subject a most enthralling and inspiriting volume. It should be in the hands of princes and of every Board-school scholar.

MESSRS. SISLEY, LTD.

Messrs. Sisley, who announce themselves even on their title-pages as "Makers of Beautiful Books," have, at any rate, justified themselves in **The Bible Beautiful.** It is a history of Biblical art, written by Miss Estelle M. Hurll, it costs 7s. 6d., and it shows the spirit of continuity with which the artists have, consciously or unconsciously, been imbued when painting sacred subjects. In sculpture, in fresco, in mosaic, in oils, the author has followed the illustrators of the Bible story, and gives many an example of their achievements. Her own cover-design has the effect of an illuminated missal, with its glowing red, gold, blue, and green border on white linen. It is a happy specimen of what may be done with tasteful border and lettering.

MESSRS. F. WARNE & CO.

We open the beautiful "Nature books" of to-day with notes of admiration in our voices, and quite properly we do so. But the books which enable us most thoroughly to enjoy those attractive volumes are books such as this now given us by Richard South, F.E.S., **The Moths of the British Isles** (7s. 6d. net.). Here we learn some of the fine foundations of the lovely nature of those other volumes—we learn the wide, deep interests of the nature-world. No words can really exaggerate the value and fascination of this volume to insect-lovers. The families Sphingidæ to Noctuidæ are described in its pages, and nearly seven hundred accurately coloured figures show what the moths are like in their various stages. Mr. South has triumphantly managed to be interesting, too, to the amateur natural historian, and his volume, which is the "First Series" about moths, should induce nature-lovers to buy it and all the others in Messrs. Warne's trustworthy and thorough "Wayside and Woodland Series."

MESSRS. G. BELL & SONS.

Richmond to the crowd has long been known for various surface reasons—as the site of the "Star and Garter," as the enviable home of "The Lass of Richmond Hill," as a pleasant starting-place for an afternoon on the river, or as the town where "Maids of Honour" cakes were first and best made. But there is really far more worth knowing about Richmond than these facts, and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur G. Bell have written and illustrated a volume which tells in just the right manner, by pen and brush, the picturesque, romantic story of Richmond's past, in **The Royal Manor of Richmond, with Petersham, Ham, and Kew.** Kings and queens of the past, celebrities of the present, old beauties, modern delights—they are gossiped of—and accurately

too; they are pictured—and that charmingly, and the result is excellent. You may read this book anywhere and enjoy it; but if you *can* take it to the Terrace at Richmond, or a secluded spot in the gardens of Ham House, you will do well.

Reprints and New Editions.

Few more pertinent and instructive volumes come to our hands each year than that book of revelation, **Herbert Fry's Royal Guide to the London Charities** (1s. 6d.), the new edition of which Messrs. Chatto & Windus have just sent us. For the forty-fourth time it tells of every London charity, in alphabetical order, gives a few instructive and helpful particulars, and encourages the charitably minded by the variety of appeals, and by a Form of Bequest. The list begins with the "Aborigines Protection Society," and we are sorry to conclude that no person has benefited by it this year, and we remember that no one benefited by it last year. On looking through this book month after month (for it is a mine of usefulness throughout the year) we have often wondered at the blanks against some of the rich, and less rich, companies and societies when the question is "Number of persons benefited last year?" But perhaps with these, and also the Aborigines Society, it is impossible to number the cases of need. There surely should be no society holding back its gold to-day. As food for thought alone this book is worth double the money; and it is not without its touches of unconscious humour. A most important "annual" to hundreds of men and women is **The Writer's and Artist's Year-Book, 1908** (1s. net), sent by Messrs. A. & C. Black. The use of this guide is far-reaching—indeed it reaches from those hundreds of men and women mentioned above to several hundreds of editors, publishers, and agents, for it gives not only the names of every magazine published in England and many published in America, but it gives also some details which help the writer and artist to send the suitable material to the suitable place and on the most fortunate day. The editor should, however, be a degree more careful in his yearly revision. We may remark, for instance, that the *British Monthly* ceased to be an available home for "short paragraphs" at least two years ago. Another "volume" invaluable both to workers and to people of leisure is **Hazell's Annual, 1908** (3s. 6d. net), published by Messrs. Hazell, Watson, & Viney, and Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. One of the most interesting pieces of January reading is the record of the year just past, followed by the information about the year to come. Political, scientific, literary, business, and in fact *all* public affairs are noted in this book, with useful information attached. "Hazell's" cover still exclaims "Avaunt, perplexity!" and inside the covers "Hazell's" helps perplexity to "avaunt." Three and sixpence is a small price to pay for this. **The Literary Year-Book** (Routledge) is always sure of a place among the reference books of every well-equipped office. It contains some excellent features this year. Among these are a tabulated list of reprints and a classified index of authors. Such features as these make the volume year by year more and more indispensable.

New Books of the Month.

DECEMBER 10 TO JANUARY 10.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

BIDDLECOMBE, A.—Thoughts on Natural Philosophy. 6d. (Watts & Co.)
BOYCOTT, REV. W. D.—Life in God's Family. 2s. net (Stockwell)
BROWN, REV. CHARLES.—God and Man .....(Stockwell)
Churchman's Penny Library: "Thoughts on Some Collects," by Ethel Romanes; "About Some Favourite Hymns," by H. P. K. Skipton; "Songs of Dawn," by A. R. G. 1d. each .....(Mowbray)
C. S. B.—Modernism. 4d. net .....(Sands)
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